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BRITANNIA and

VOL. 49 NO. 5

NOVEMBER
1954

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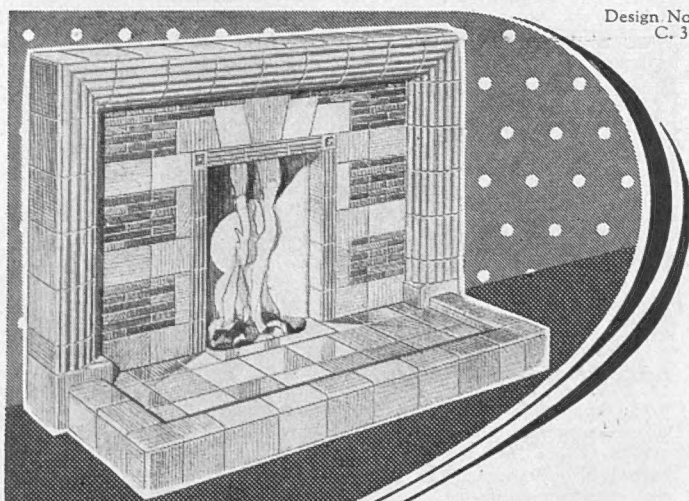
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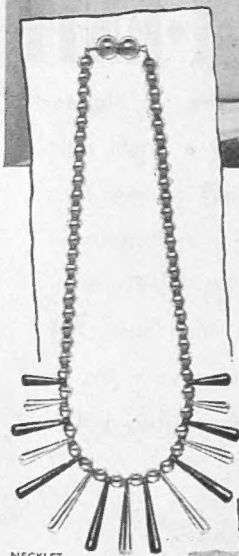
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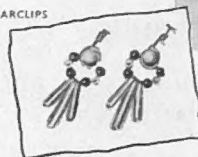
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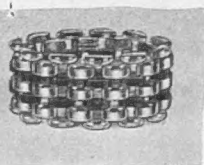
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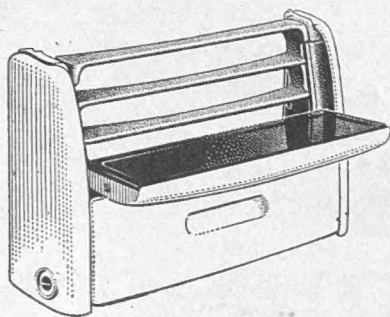
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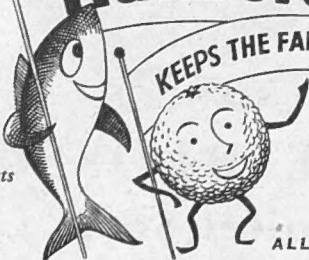


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a Small Thing to Ask

*It was her chance to escape from tyranny, the tyranny
of a gratitude she felt she owed as a daughter*

MADELEINE gripped the telephone more firmly as the voice at the other end oozed on. "My dear, don't worry about it. You have far more important things on your mind than the silly whims of an old woman. If I can't do the crossword puzzle to-night the world will not come to an end. So don't you worry. I'm certain I can find something else to do before falling asleep. If I don't do the puzzle to-night it will probably do me good. Anyway, it serves me right for being such a creature of habit.

"But then, my dear, you, too, will find out that as one gets older these little habits are the only solace one has. It is the price of old age to be alone and lonely, and when a woman is alone and lonely she becomes quite childish in some things . . . like my doing *The Times* puzzle every night. But, as I said, don't you worry your head about it. You have other things to do. How is James, by the way? Is the Langham portrait getting on well?"

There was silence. Madeleine had stopped listening minutes ago. She was trying desperately hard not to hate her mother. A staccato note in the telephone voice

By FREDERICA BLOOM

Illustrations by WYLES

"Don't be mad," he said. "Why do you want to go out now?"





"For the first time in her life Madeleine is probably not worrying about you."

caught her attention. "Madeleine! Madeleine! Are you there? I asked how the Langham portrait was getting on . . ."

"Sorry, mother. It seems to be going well. Jim is working on it now." Her voice sounded dead—dead as the heart inside her.

"That's good. You know I take a deep interest in James's work . . . in spite of his attitude towards me. Well, now you had better go and look after him. And I must get ready for bed. It will be quite a change without my crossword puzzle. Rather amusing. I'm quite looking forward to it in a way. Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, mother. And I'll drop the puzzle by in a few minutes."

"Madeleine, you are to do nothing of the kind. I have told you before that it does not matter in the slightest. It's just a silly habit . . ." Oh, Lord, thought Madeleine, she's going to go right through the whole thing again and again and again and again.

"I must go out and post a letter and I'll drop the paper through your letter-box on the way. Good-night." And she put down the receiver. The voice at the other end purred, "Darling, that is good of you," but no one listened.

Madeleine sat at the telephone, her eyes closed and her lips drawn in. Then she looked up at the window where the wind and the rain were whipping against the pane.

"If I were God that is just the kind of weather I'd make on a night like this," she thought. "Give the world hell." And she straightened her hair and walked into the studio.

JAMES was sitting in a chair, smoking a cigarette and studying the canvas in front of him. Without looking up he asked, "And how is Mama?"

"Very well." Silently, she looked at the half-done portrait. It was good. They always were good. To-night that gave her little satisfaction. She turned back to the door. "I'm going out for a few minutes. See you later."

"Going out in this weather? Don't be mad. Why do you want to go out?"

Madeleine felt herself getting all tight. Now he's going to start. It's going to be the same thing all over again. Nobody ever stops. The same thing again and again and again and again.

A cold, impersonal voice—it was hers—said, "I'm going to post a letter and

I'm going to drop *The Times* in at mother's."

His voice was even colder. "What letter is so important that you must go out in a howling gale?"

"Just a letter. Anyway, I'm putting on my mackintosh and boots and I'll be back in five minutes." She took a hopeful step towards the door. It was no use.

"What are you, anyway?" Jim's voice was low and serrated with derision. "Haven't you the courage to tell the old woman that for once she cannot have her own way? Haven't you got the courage to be honest to her—or to me—or to yourself? If you have no pride and want to be her slave, well and good, but have the courage of your convictions."

"Why all this lying about letters to post? And then the drivel about a mackintosh and boots. I'm your husband, not your nanny. Aren't you ever going to realise that? You've lied and dissembled to your mother all your life and now you continue doing it with me. It wasn't your fault; your mother made you like that. But now it's time you changed. Time you changed your attitude towards your mother too."

"Changing my attitude won't change my mother. I know all her virtues . . . and I know all her faults. And if I



he said. "It's a wonder she isn't dead"

want peace, this is the only way to treat her." Once again Madeleine was on the defensive.

"And how often have I told you that you're wrong? If only you would realise that I know more about human nature than you ever will. If only you would believe me. But, oh no! A prophet in his own land. . . . You say you take pride in my work. Right. I am probably the best portrait-painter in the country. That is not vanity: that is just stating a fact. And why am I a great portrait-painter? Because I know people! There are possibly dozens of artists with technique as good or even better, but they cannot do what I do because they are not psychologists, and I am. You admit all that, but when it comes to taking my advice about your mother, about yourself . . . not a bit of it. I might be anybody, any old fool. You know better. You just must assert yourself." James flung his cigarette into the fireplace with an impatient gesture. It rolled out and he had to bend, pick it up and throw it in again.

His wife watched him. She felt empty, almost anaesthetised. "I am not trying to assert myself." She tried to sound soft. "The puzzle is important to mother. Taking it round, even in this weather,

is not important to me. Therefore, I might as well do it."

"Ugh! Nothing is important to you. If the puzzle is so important to your mother, can you give me one reason why she does not get *The Times* herself instead of relying on us to provide it every day?"

"Oh, Jim, you know it's one of her ways of economising. She says *The Times* costs more than the other papers and that all the pennies mount up—"

"Quite." Jim interrupted. "All the pennies mount up and with the pennies that mounted up she has bought herself a television set because she is a poor, lonely old woman and that is one of her only pleasures. Therefore you or I or the Lord Mayor or even the Queen can run round fetching her *The Times* every day because the puzzle is just another one of the only solaces a poor old woman has. Well, go ahead. Don't let me stop you. I'm only your husband. Don't pay any attention to what I say."

Dreadfully Madeleine walked out. Dreadfully she zipped up her boots and buttoned her mackintosh. "It's not as if this were the end of it. It will go on again when I get back." She tied a scarf round her head. "If only he would

hit the ceiling and then forget about it. We'd have a good scene and that would be the end. But we just have the same thing again and again and again." She stuffed *The Times* into her pocket and stepped out into the gale.

She was half-way down the street when a tearing, crashing noise broke into the roar of the wind and the pounding of the rain. It seemed to come from just above her. Then something heavy hit her head and she dropped unconscious beneath its weight.

SHE was on the sofa in the drawing-room. There were lots of people. Such a lot of people. And they were all talking at the same time. There was so much noise. What was all the noise about? And now Jim was holding her hand and stroking her head and whispering, "It's all right, darling. Just lie still and don't worry. It's all right. Everything is all right." And he stroked her head some more.

Dear, dear Jim. Whenever he held her hand and spoke in that voice everything was all right. He could make anything all right. He was the most wonderful person in the whole world. And Jim and the room and all the people and all the noise faded away.

A little later Jim was still stroking her head. Nice Jim . . . the most wonderful person in—but this time it wasn't Jim. It was Dr. Starkie, and he said, "Hello." Madeleine said "Hello," too, and tried to sit up but the floor started to go round and the sofa almost tilted her out.

"I wouldn't try to sit up yet. Just lie back for a bit." Madeleine obeyed and gradually her mind began to clear, but it was all still most confusing.

"Should I carry her up to bed now, doctor?" That was Jim's voice again. Silly Jim. Why should he want to carry her? She was perfectly all right. It was comfortable just lying there. In a minute she would get up.

Dr. Starkie was lifting her arms and bending them. "Feel O.K.? Anything hurt?"

MADELEINE considered her body. The right shoulder was stiff and sore. Lifting her arm was unpleasant. Her head ached. The rest of her felt as if she had taken a beating. She felt that she knew the reason why but it was not very clear. She told Jim and the doctor that she was fine, that she would be up in a minute, and then she passed out again.

James stood looking from her to Dr. Starkie. His face was ashen and he kept moistening his lips. When Starkie eventually rose and announced unemotionally, "Nothing seems broken. Can't tell for certain. She is obviously suffering from concussion and will need absolute rest and quiet for a few days," James still could not find his tongue. Instead, he went to the sideboard and poured two stiff whiskies. He had just handed one to the doctor when the telephone bell broke the tension.

It was his mother-in-law. "That you, James? I just wanted to make quite certain that Madeleine was not being foolish and going out in this weather. I've waited for the past hour, even though I told her not to come, and now I'm going to bed. Please tell her not to worry about me."

"For the first time in her life Madeleine is probably not worrying about you; she is lying here unconscious. Nobody knows how much longer she will be unconscious. We don't know whether she has broken any bones. And all because of your damned puzzle! It's a wonder she isn't dead. She might have been drowned. That hulking big tree might have killed her outright. Anyway, at the moment she is not worrying about you or your puzzle or anything else!" His voice was near breaking-point.

The doctor gazed at the ceiling trying to look like a man who was not there. "M-mm. That's one reaction. I thought he was going to be sick or get drunk. Instead, he's taking it out this way. Ah, well, he'll have calmed down by the time we get her upstairs and into bed." And he gazed at the ceiling some more.

For years James had been as polite to his mother-in-law as his nature allowed. Life had not taught him to humour others. He felt it to be dishonest and beneath him. It was one of the things his wife's mother could not understand. Now his rudeness to her was without restraint. When she could interrupt him she did.

"We shall discuss your boorishness and attitude towards me some other time. Now I gather that my daughter is injured. I will be over there within twenty minutes."

He pulled himself together. "Look, I'm sorry I went off the deep end. I was infernally rude and I apologise, but for goodness' sake don't come over! You'll probably just get yourself knocked down by another tree and we'll have two patients. Dr. Starkie is here now. He will get in a trained nurse. There is nothing you can do now. I'll ring you in the morning."

"You seem to overlook the fact that I am Madeleine's mother, and that if she is ill my place is with her. It is utterly ridiculous to think of getting in some strange nurse when I am available."

"Madeleine is my wife. She is suffering from concussion and needs absolute rest and quiet, and I am going to see to it that she gets it."

"Very well, James. If you forbid me your home and the right to see my only child there is nothing I can do about it. When Madeleine is better she may wish to see me and be given permission to do so. I will sit here and wait for her call. Good-night!" And Mrs. Blare slammed down the receiver.

James took a long swig from the glass that was still in his hand. "That was my mother-in-law," he told the

doctor. "A most unreasonable woman." He put his glass down, gently lifted his wife and carried her upstairs.

MADELEINE lay in bed feeling good. Concussion, she reflected, was one of the pleasantest things that had ever happened to her. The bed was soft and warm and seemed to float through the atmosphere. Her mind was soft and warm and seemed to float too. Most of the time she felt like sleeping; most of the time she slept.

When she woke up there was James, quiet, gentle, solid James. Then there was the nurse who said little but rearranged her pillows and brought in an unending array of trays with appetising, tempting foods. And there was sleep and more sleep. Dr. Starkie came, too. Vaguely she wondered why she had not noticed her mother about, but she did not worry about it. She just comfortably floated through many days till her bruises disappeared and her mind cleared.

And one day she found herself sitting up in bed chatting animatedly with her husband. She was better. A blow on the head is not the

(Continued on page 64)

James was calling "Madeleine!" But she went out as if she had never heard him



*The bait of easy-payment buying
is laid out for eager
takers, but what of the
ethical side of*

NEVER.....

NEVER.....

LAND.....?

By BRIAN FREESTONE

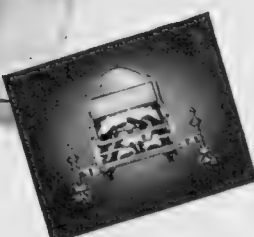
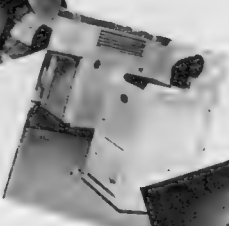
BLOODLESS revolutions we call them. Every now and then we as a nation experience, almost overnight, it seems, a sudden change in the social structure of our lives. At the time of any such change there is a certain amount of tumult and shouting, of course: conscience finds a quick ally in misgiving and personal egos are sometimes a little battered. Such is the case suddenly to-day—the revolution is in our spending habits, the *deus ex machina*: hire-purchase.

It is now only three-and-a-half months since the restrictions were removed on a wider range of consumer goods that included TV and radio, washing machines, refrigerators and motor-cars. In that time sales of goods have risen phenomenally: stores, mail-order advertisers and small shops are vying with each other in offering the easiest of easy terms—and business in many cases has about doubled; in fact, there are waiting-lists for some popular household items.

Like a Nile inundation, the flood of consumer goods—utilitarian and frankly luxury—is spreading through the land: a people austerity-starved for more than a decade eagerly seizing at a vista of plenty the "easiest of easy payments" is making possible. Private and State enterprise alike lay out the bait—electricity and gas showrooms gleam and glisten with dream appliances "from 1s. 4d. a week"; tantalising placards appear in suburban stores outlining "personal credit" plans and showing how you can buy a hat and a carpet, six saucepans and an umbrella for a paltry few shillings a week; even the business firm does not escape: the growing concern which is short of the "ready" is offered a luxury car at "so much down."

Of course, hire-purchase buying did not begin last July. Some things came off restriction over a year ago; furniture even earlier. But the full flood of buying only really manifested itself a couple of months ago—for even after the July lifting of the restrictions there was still a momentary lull while the finance companies were eager to expand yet prevented from doing so by restrictions on capital itself. Then they were eased—and the floodgates opened.

(Continued on page 71)





WIFE to a

By JOHN MACAULAY

UNTIL May 1940, Sir Winston Churchill's secretaries kept for him a careful file of Press cuttings. It was a heavy job to read and marshal the comments of the world's journalists, but it was still manageable. After he became Britain's war leader, the cuttings grew a thousandfold and the task had to be abandoned. No other man has ever been so voluminously written about in his lifetime. And to-day, the smallest item of gossip, however unlikely or trivial, can still be sold to some newspaper or magazine.

Strangely enough, in all these millions of words, it is hard to find anything about the two women who must have had an intimate, continual and profound effect upon his thought and action, his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, and his wife, Clementine, Lady Churchill.

Even about his father, Lord Randolph, the ordinary newspaper reader knows little, except that he was reputed to have dismissed the decimal system, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, as "those damned dots." He was a violent and fiery politician, whose career was tragically cut short at the age of forty-five, in 1895. His son Winston had then made no mark on the world and was just about to enter the Army. As he wrote later :

All my dreams of comradeship with him, of entering Parliament at his side and with his support, were ended. There remained for me only to pursue his aims and vindicate his memory.

It is much harder to find from Sir Winston's writings any personal comments upon his mother and wife. In his biography of his father, and his own volume of autobiography, *My Early Life*, almost his only remark about Lady Randolph is :

My mother made a brilliant impression upon my childhood's life. She shone for me like the evening star—I loved her dearly, but at a distance.

Sir Winston's published remarks upon his wife are even more rare. She has been the most constant and loyal of his colleagues throughout his long and strenuous career. It is Lady Churchill, and not any politician, who will decide the day of his retirement. And yet, among the many tributes he has paid to his friends and comrades, to people like Lord Beaverbrook, the late Lord Camrose, Lloyd George and the late Lord Birkenhead, the great journalist has never given us a word-picture of the greatest of them all.

THIS is as it should be. They were public men whose ambition took them willingly into the spotlight of popular fame. Lady Churchill has never attempted to become a personality in the gossip columns. A handsome, if not a beautiful woman, a hostess of charm and resource, a fluent linguist, politically still a sentimental Radical, culturally a highbrow, it is a striking fact that there is in all the newspaper files hardly one intimate anecdote about her. Her life's work has been her husband's career.

Lady Randolph, on the other hand, has been dead for thirty-three years, yet, with a little research, it is possible

to build up a lively portrait of her. The daughter of Leonard Jerome, the American financier who made and lost several fortunes in his time, she spent much of her youth in Europe. In 1867 she came to Paris as a girl, to the feverish, glittering court of Emperor Louis Napoleon. She did not revisit America until 1876, two years after her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough.

Gay, beautiful, witty, high-spirited, she captivated everyone she met ; and she met everyone. She dined with Disraeli and the Prince of Wales, played piano duets with Queen Alexandra and took tea with Queen Victoria. She toured Europe with her husband and was entertained by the Czar in Russia and Emperor William in Germany.

HER quick and nimble repartees were as quoted in her day as her eldest son's were to become in his. She wagered Oscar Wilde that he had misquoted from his own play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and won the bet. When the Prince of Wales attempted a rather dubious joke at her expense, (Continued on page 72)



CHURCHILL

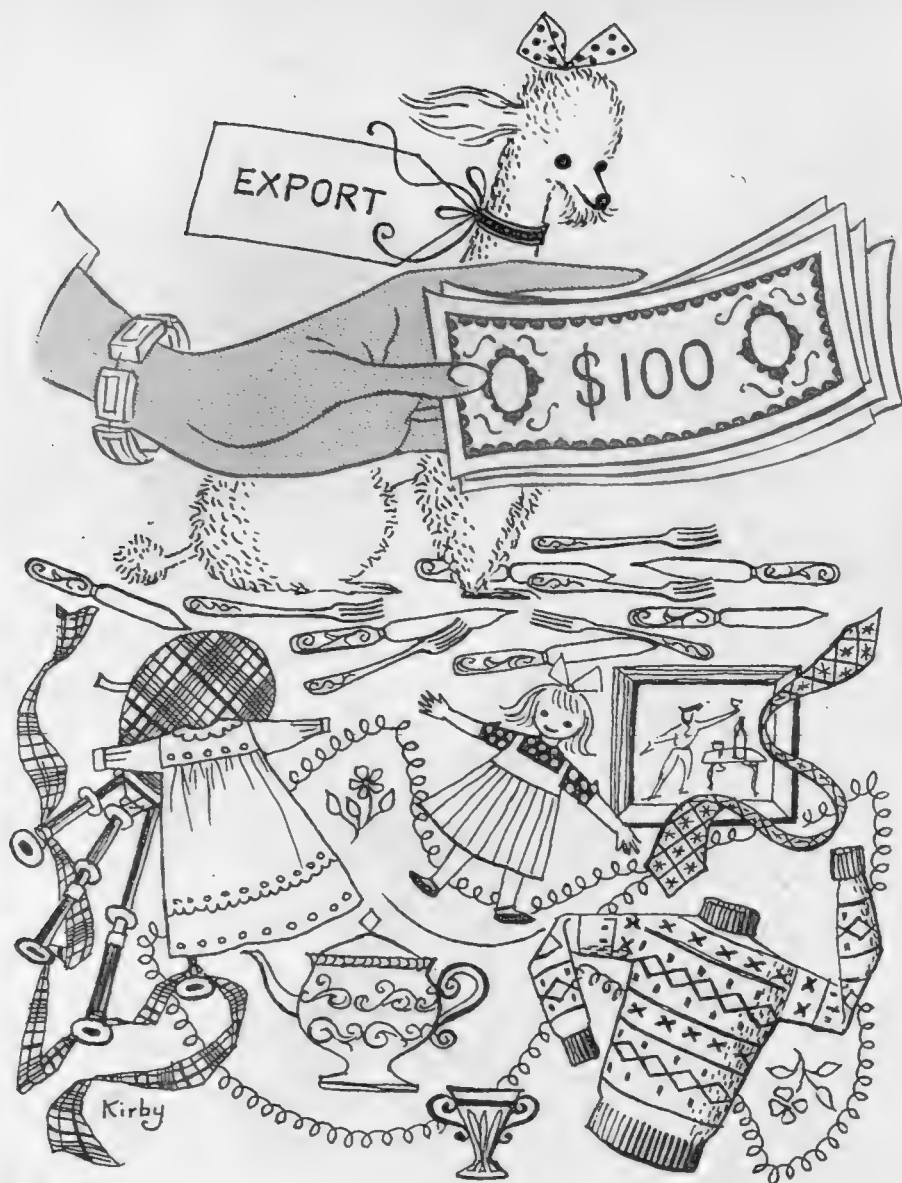


Lady Randolph Churchill and, in background, Blenheim Palace, birthplace of Sir Winston

*The figure of Sir Winston Churchill,
who is eighty this month, towers
over this Century with a supreme
stature, yet he himself readily admits
the dominant influence in his life
of other figures—those of his
wife and of his mother*



Lady Churchill and, left, the Churchill country home, Chartwell, in Kent



A set of fish-knives, and

Two Poodles Please!

Professional shopper for

overseas visitors, ex-secretary

Grace Slater, has built a

flourishing business catering

for too-busy-to-shop tourists

By ROY MARSHALL

B RITAIN'S busiest shopper has made the grade. She has been acclaimed in America as the one woman who knows all about shopping in Europe for anything from poodles to pewter.

She spends in pounds; she spends in hundreds of pounds; and the more she spends, the more she has to spend.

This woman with the enviable talent is ex-secretary, ex-journalist Grace Slater. And this summer, in spite of the weather, she has become one of Britain's top dollar earners.

For Miss Slater, of the twinkling, sparkling blue eyes and the auburn hair, with the air of authority and the carriage of a countess, was this year listed among the people who must not be missed by the tourist in the American traveller's vade-mecum, *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe*.

This book is the Bible and constant companion of the American who finds himself on the "wrong" side of the Atlantic. It is consulted on everything from where to go down to what to eat. And on page 303 of the 1954 summer edition it said "Lazy? Tired? Too busy to make the rounds? Let Grace Slater find whatever you want, better and cheaper. . . . She's savvy and dependable, and she can save everybody a bushel of headaches."

That set the telephone ringing at MAIda Vale 6215, and for three months it has been ringing constantly with requests for Miss Slater to do people's shopping. Sometimes she does it for them, finding the goods and arranging for them to be delivered and paid for. Often she receives a draft and rough instructions how to spend it.

Sometimes she just tells people how to enjoy their own shopping expeditions by finding just what they want; or she takes them round the little speciality shops hidden

off London's main streets and helps them to choose for themselves.

Only one thing is barred. No shopping in stores! They provide their own services for customers, says Miss Slater; she specialises in knowing the exclusive shop with the exquisite or the rare, which most people would miss without her helping guidance.

She does, however, run a shopping organising service, and many people in Britain, planning to make a one-day trip to town for their Christmas special "buys," write and tell her what they will be looking for. She does the pioneer exploring in advance, then, when they come to town, tells them where to go for what they want, and how much it will cost. Often she arranges all the details of the whole day's shopping programme, so a long list is worked through easily and untiringly between morning coffee and tea-time.

Miss Slater charges no fee. Her customers are such good spenders and so welcome, that nearly all the shops she takes them to give her a regular commission on what they spend—and that may be several hundred pounds; the other week, the shopping of one client alone came to just under £3,000.

"I learnt so much about the things people want and where to get them during my secretarial career that it seemed a pity not to capitalise my knowledge," she confided to me, "especially when there were so many people wanting to spend thousands of dollars in Britain, and held up for the want of just the help I could give.

"I have been doing other people's shopping, as a shopping consultant, for five years. Now I have 'graduated,' because of my experience, into the top tourist trade as well as the home trade."

(Continued on page 74)



Away to the Woods

By THURMAN WARRINER

Illustrations by RAY WARD

HIS first name was Jan; his second, an unpronounceable miscellany of consonants. His origin was some place east of the Iron Curtain. He was employed by the Duke of Romwell—part-caretaker and part-custodian of the Fitzmoncieux treasures, with a dozen other unspecified duties to fill in his spare time.

There were two hundred and seventeen rooms at Fitzmoncieux. When the Duke retired to the Dower House and started letting in the public at half-a-crown a head to pay the plumbing bills, a skeleton staff was hard to get. British to the backbone, the villagers preferred work in the local quarries or riding ten miles into town every morning for high wages.

A man called Taswell prowled the grounds by night with an Alsatian dog. A deaf and near-senile couple, the Durwards, cleaned up the tourists' litter and slept on the premises. An ex-policeman acted as indoor watchman. . . .

But Jan was personally responsible to the Duke. It was left to a displaced person, a refugee, foreign scum, to care for treasures that had been housed at Fitzmoncieux for six centuries.

Oddly enough, Jan looked every inch an Englishman of the pleasanter sort. He was good-looking in a blunt way

with a clipped fair moustache and neatly brushed hair. Most evenings he would ride his bicycle across the Great Park and prop it against the boundary wall near the kissing-gate, then walk past the thatched cottages and the blacksmith's shop to Mrs. Herbage's snack-counter, which did a roaring tourist trade by day but was usually deserted after tea. You could see him there, drinking coffee and reading the evening paper, or maybe the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, till he crossed the road to the Fox and Goose for his nightly half-pint.

One time—six months or so after he first came to Fitzmoncieux—he had played darts with the natives and been asked to join the local club. The Vicar had even suggested cricket after seeing Jan knock the ball about on the village pitch.

"You're one of the boys now, Jan," he said.

"But I know nothing about cricket," Jan protested in his slow, careful English. "I see the ball come, I hit—so! But I do not understand the runnings and the—how do you say it—the catchment and the bee-ell-doubeleyous."

"You'll soon pick that up!" the Vicar said heartily. "To play cricket for Fitzmoncieux would set the final seal on your integration."

He caught the nearer one
a right to the stomach . . .



"Integration—ah! That is a good word. I like it. What does it mean?"

"It means you're a part of us, Jan," the Vicar said, clapping him on the shoulder, and they both laughed.

But that was before Jan took Ronica Paley to the Woods.

THE Woods were all around Fitzmoncieux Park and the village. Picnic parties made for the Woods when they came out from town. Young lovers left their sports cars and motor cycles under the trees on the fringe of the Woods and found there all the solitude they needed.

But the Woods were taboo to the natives of Fitzmoncieux. No young man took a girl there unless he was engaged to her or so near that it made no difference.

Jan knew nothing about this. He loved the Woods. The grounds of the great house merged gently into their green depths. Streams that fed the sophisticated cataracts and fountains of the formal gardens flowed there through mossy dells and beside banks hazed with violets.

And because Ronica Paley was the loveliest creature in the world to Jan, he took her there to show her.

Old Joe Paley, her father, kept the grocery store. Ronica went the ten-mile journey into town every morning and worked in an accountant's office. They used to meet at the snack-counter and sit on the high red stools, listening to the hiss of steam as if it were the sweetest music, then walk happily across the Park towards the Woods.

One night as they came back from the Woods Joe Paley was waiting for them, leaning over the wall of his cottage next the store.

He said: "Where've you been, Ronica?"

"Out with Jan," she said airily.

"To the Woods," Jan said, smiling.

"You've been taking Ronica to the Woods!" Joe Paley said heavily. "That's what they've been saying."

"The woods are very beautiful," Jan said, "at this time of the year."

"But you shouldn't have done that, Jan. You shouldn't have taken Ronica to the Woods."

"Oh, for heaven's sake—" Ronica began impatiently.

"I know! But it's not what I think. It's what *they're* thinking and saying."

"They?" Jan repeated, looking from Joe to Joe's daughter.

"Now don't take it the wrong way, Jan! I've nothing against you, but Ronica's my girl, and she's getting talked about. It's with you being foreign. That's all that's wrong with you, Jan—you're foreign."

"So many are. It is a pity, this foreignness. And yet, Mr. Paley, in my country *you* would be foreign!"

"That's right! But then, I'm English. Nobody knows

where you come from, Jan. You might be one of them Russians. Why, you might even be a Jew."

"Daddy! How *can* you?"

"A Jew!" Jan said thoughtfully. "That would be a great honour, Mr. Paley. So many great and kind and noble people are of the Jews. Though I am not."

"Now don't mistake me, Jan! I've nothing against the Jews and I've nothing against you. It's just my girl getting talked about. Going to the Woods!"

For a long half-minute in the gloaming, Jan looked at Joe Paley. He could have said so much, told so much of agony and fear and loneliness. But he only smiled a little sadly.

"I understand, Mr. Paley." And with a stiff, awkward bow he walked away.

HE knew Ronica was following him. He heard the rustle of her footsteps, glimpsed the shadowy shape of her under the trees as he went back to the kissing-gate.

"Jan!" she said urgently, catching up with him. "Jan, darling, it doesn't matter what anyone says. It doesn't!"

He didn't speak. She pressed her face against his chest. "Jan, I *do* love you. Nothing else matters. Tell me you love me too. Why won't you? You did just now. . . . Please, Jan!"

He gently pushed her hands away.

"People talk about you. They would always talk."

"But *why*? You're just the same as any of us. It's only because they don't understand that. If they did—"

"You have hit the head of the nail. They do not understand. In a large town—yes! But here, you would always be the woman that married the foreign scum."

"Jan, you mustn't talk like that!"

"Maybe I should have gone to America." Jan seemed to

consider that, his head to one side. "Many Americans come to Fitzmoncieux and I get on with them very fine. The Statue of Liberty, she is not an easy lady to satisfy, but once admitted to her arms one is American. One is—*integrated* is the word. Here, you are not integrated till your grandchildren have buried you."

SO Jan never joined the darts club or the cricket team. After that he passed Ronica with only a grave good-evening, and never went to the Woods again, with her or alone.

Some weeks later he called to see the Vicar and asked for his signature on certain papers. His Grace the Duke of Romwell had already signed.

"Merely a matter of naturalism," he said, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Ah, yes!" The Vicar scanned the papers. "So you're taking a new name, Jan?"

"An English name, yes. I would like to be as British as a foreigner can be. I am taking the name of John Smith."

The Vicar turned away to smile, but it was a kindly smile. For as Jan had taken the papers from his wallet, the Vicar had noticed Ronica Paley's photograph there.

THAT was in July. It was in October that the Duke discovered the Esmond Letters, fifty-three of them, between the mouldering leaves of a folio volume in the Great Library. Reporters, experts, and collectors fell on Fitzmoncieux like wolves.

Those letters, said *The Times*, threw a new light on certain dark pages of the Tudor period. An official of the British Museum spent a long weekend at Fitzmoncieux. Three fabulous offers were cabled from New York.

But His Grace, though uncertain where his next fifty pounds would come from, decreed

that the letters should be displayed in a glass case for the rest of the tourist season and then be handed over to the nation.

Jan, surprisingly cultured for a foreigner, superintended that display with quiet assurance.

"I'm giving a radio talk next week," His Grace said. "You'll get full credit for the work you've done, Jan."

"Smith, your Grace, please!" he insisted. "John Smith."

"Very well, Smith." The Duke, thin and very old, coughed gently. "I shall tell them how my trusted colleague, John Smith, first suspected the existence of—"

"Please, your Grace! You pay me, I am happy here, I do the job."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it. . . . By the way, we should claim commission from the Fox and Goose. It seems a dozen Americans have cancelled their Stratford reservations in our favour. Two of them were here this morning. A charming gentleman called Skinner and a rather peculiar young man who said he writes crime. I wonder exactly what that means?"

"I believe it is one of the three major industries in the U.S.A.," John Smith said.

"Zimmern was the name, I seem to remember. . . . What ever else, we seem to be putting Fitzmoncieux on the map."

They left the Great Library, closing and locking the massive double doors, and descended the marble staircase to the banqueting hall. There they parted; the Duke to the unpretentious comforts of the Dower House, John Smith to his own rooms along a hundred yards of corridor.

Durward and his wife would take care of things till the watchman took over at seven o'clock. John Smith could call the rest of the day his own. He went to the old stables for his bicycle and rode across the park to the kissing-gate.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when he left the Fox and Goose to go home. It was a fine moonlight night and he rode without lights.

He unlocked the Barbican Gate and was taking a short cut across the lawns when he saw a dog stretched on the turf. It was Taswell's dog, and he thought at first it was dead. He knelt beside it. Not dead, but doped. . . .

Under the wall lay another prone figure. Taswell himself, unconscious, a dull red patch over his temple.

John Smith let himself into the house and went quietly to his own room. From there he telephoned the police. But even a fast car would take quarter of an hour to reach Fitzmoncieux, and by that time much might have happened.

He made his noiseless way along the corridor.

He was half-way to the library when he heard a muffled crash. Iron-bound medieval doors are no barrier to modern thieves. A cake of explosive stuck against the lock. . . .

John Smith ran across the banqueting hall and up the staircase. The doors were open and haze of smoke hung in the air. Through that haze he could see two circles of light moving towards the display case. He stumbled over something soft. . . . it was the watchman, bound and gagged.

No time to trouble with him. Long before the police arrived, the Esmond letters would be miles away.

The thieves were probably armed. That was a risk he had to take. He pressed the switches beside the door and the Great Library blazed with light. Two men were standing beside the case. He caught the nearer one a right to the stomach and unceremoniously kicked the second.

But they were young men, strong and desperate. One of them pulled a gun, and John Smith found himself looking down a muzzle that seemed big as a cannon's mouth. There was a spit of flame, but the second man had knocked John Smith's feet from under him and he dropped just in time to miss the bullet.

There was no need to fire again. John Smith was on the carpet. This time the fellow laconically used the butt of the gun. It came down with a thud that sent John Smith swimming down a long dark tunnel with blackness at the end. Blackness and a fall for ever through nothing at all.

WHEN he opened his eyes, he knew he couldn't have been out more than minutes. The two men had their backs to him. He heard the scratch of a diamond on glass. They were not risking unnecessary damage to the letters. In their own line they were probably experts.

All John Smith wanted to do was go to sleep. His head was a throbbing volcano of pain. Besides, a man who has used a gun will use it again. There was wisdom in sleep.

But he didn't. He was lying near the fireplace. On the marble mantelpiece was a heavy vase which the Duke would gladly sacrifice in such a good cause. Inch by inch he raised himself and reached it down. Remembering which man had the gun, he hit him squarely on the back of the neck with that vase and had the satisfaction of seeing him sink across the glass case and stay there.

But John Smith had only a few seconds to recover from the effort before the second thief closed with him. They swayed across the room and through the shattered doors. John Smith felt it was the end. He was being pushed nearer and nearer the balustrade. It was fifteen feet to the stone floor of the banqueting hall, and he was going over. . . . The fellow had him by the throat. Yes, he was going. . . .

Then through the rushing roar of blood in his ears he heard voices and running feet in the corridor. He found strength to strike one last blow. A blow so mighty that the choking grip on his throat relaxed and the man staggered away, losing his own balance and toppling backward down the staircase.

John Smith remembered no more. But the local police sergeant told the story many a winter night in the Fox and Goose.

(Continued on page 74)





Is your room really YOU?

By HILARY GRANT

Illustrations by K. FLETCHER

**We are all a little susceptible to fashion but there are women
who follow it and others who have the happy facility of
making it follow them. Which are you?**



LOOK to your right. Here is a woman against her own background. It is a young room—she is a young woman. It is contemporary and—if you will—a mannered room. She is a woman of fashion, lives and talks and dresses in the fashionable jargon. She has the money and the enthusiasm to live up to it. You may not admire her background, or even herself, but they have the virtue of belonging together. The background enhances the woman and she, in her turn, does the same for it. They are all of a piece.

Now take a look at the shadow women on the left. One of them is seen against a background of, shall we call it Decorator's Regency? The other has copied her bedroom from a picture in a film magazine perhaps, quilted satin, pink mirror glass and a poodle on a padded stool complete.

On the one side you have women in settings which are fashionable and expensive and as lifeless as a furniture store showpiece. One guesses that, in each case, Madame who has been at such pains to copy her formalized background from something remote from herself is about as happy in it as a puppy in a refrigerator. Other people's ideas and other people's tastes have frozen her in. Far from being the *raison d'être* of her home she is a mere shadow there.

Fashion is a great infiltrator. It influences our clothes, our homes and even our opinions to some extent, but we are in a sorry plight when we allow it to push us around. One can be wide open to suggestion and still adamant about coercion. (Continued on page 90)





Meet Mrs. Weston . . . elegant, forty-five, lives in a small country house near a Hertfordshire village, her barrister husband travels to London every day, her grown-up daughter lives and works there. Mrs. W. pays occasional day visits to town to see friends, plays, do important shopping, but her clothes must be keyed to a country mixture of work and play — to local activities, dogs, housekeeping with one maid, cocktails at the Golf Club, unpretentious but detailed little dinners at home and away. . . . She found the suit at Digby Morton, in self-patterned, creaseless worsted, with velvet collar set on small revers, normal shoulders, walk-easy skirt. Her coat, designed by Michael Sherard, was of cream tweed lined flame taffetas, with lavish leopard trimming for warmth and panache.

looks for chic and lasting qualities in her clothes



Mrs. Weston never goes unnoticed at a party: she attracts attention because she is amusing, intelligent, and has a style of her own; her clothes enhance, but do not swamp, her personality: she and they are admired equally—they are one. She favours striking contrasts in fabrics—both of texture and colour; and bold, uncluttered lines in the designing. She picked from *John Cavanagh* a full-skirted formal dress in the opposite textures of black velvet and pleated taffeta. Over it went a long coat in heavy black ribbed silk, magnificently lined with yellow faille, velvet-embossed. At *Maud's* she found ribbing again, this time in black wool, topped by poison green velvet: a thrilling, reptilian shade which, with a deep V neckline, and new hip interest, adds up to the pinnacle of chic.



She spends freely but circumspectly

on her wardrobe for a

Delia Weston is twenty-five . . . has a flat in a Chelsea basement—and a job, supplemented by an allowance from home. Loves town life, country week-ends with her people. Spends many evenings at small gatherings with her friends, some at restaurants and theatres, and most of her money on clothes; has an unerring instinct for what suits her life and her type. *Lachasse* had the coat for her, swirling skirt, square-set beaver collar to show off the winter white of its tweed. Her chosen dress to see her through the day was *Hardy Amies'* amber and black tweed, its cowl neck tying in fringed ends at the back. Both underline two winter '54 "musts"—the bold touch of fur, and the omnipresence of tweed

WORK and PLAY life



Delia believes in few clothes but expensive and adaptable ones. She chooses those which merge into her business life and her social one.

A coat with a Regency dash from *Ronald Paterson*

alternates with her *Lachasse* top coat when she goes straight on from the office to something in the evening. *Digby Morton's* dinner dress covers formal evenings, is exciting in its colour clash—blue and black—and in its Hispanic lines. The bodice is satin and blue; the sudden skirt, taffeta and black; joining them, a flash of sequins

Norman Linton dresses in our September issue: page 24, Donegal tweed dress price should be £5 9s. 6d.; page 25, rayon dress, 7½ gns.



Private View



Focal points of ballerina dress left are a high bust and tiny waist, therefore, beneath it—a strapless bra, half-cupped to keep out of sight; diaphragm-hugging for support; with it, a waist-nipping girdle of light nylon elastic. Dress by *Acquer* 21 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Alexandrine, Nottingham. bra and belt by *English Rose*, £1 13s. 6d. and £1 2s. 11d. respectively from leading stores



Different accent in a slim suit—smooth hips are important here: bosom still definite, but straps allowed: foundation *par excellence* is a lightly boned high-waisted belt teamed with long-line bra having stitched under-cups. *Brenner* suit in black and gold brocade, about 26 guineas at *Galleries Lafayette*, London; *Partos* Bra £1 3s. 11d. at *Bourne & Hollingsworth*, London; *Partos* Girdle at *John Lewis*, London, and *Schofields*, Leeds



Illustrations by NICOLAS



Translucency enhanced by decorative bust-to-hipline basque of nylon taffetas and satin elastic. Suspenders detachable. By *English Rose*, £1 8s. 9d. from leading stores. Blouse in black crystal by *London Pride*, £4 13s. 3d. at *Galleries Lafayette*, London. Skirt, striped black and cyclamen, with back-swept fullness, by *Dorville*, about £21 14s. at *Marshall & Snelgrove*, London



Grand ball gowns demand sculpted bust and firm hips. The problems of its deep-plunge front and low-sweeping back are solved by the "More-ways" bra, which can be adapted to halter (as here), portrait or bateau. Of nylon jacquard and satin, black, white, sky and peachbloom, it comes in A or B cup sizings, 16s. With it, a lightweight nylon and elastic zip girdle in matching colours, £1 12s. 11d. Both by *English Rose* from leading stores. The exquisite dress of black velvet which divides to reveal underskirt of sugar-pink satin pleating, is by *Barraclough*, 28½ gns. at *Marshall & Snelgrove*; *Kendal Milne*, Manchester

Loose Covers



Illustration by JANE HARVEY

Though making a loose cover for the older type of easy chair may seem intricate to the amateur, the modern version with its straight edges and flat surfaces makes light of the problems of cutting and putting together. The two chairs in the picture are typical of their kind.

One with arms and one without. Combinations of colour and material, as suggested in the drawing, add to the contemporary look of the covers without increasing the difficulties of making. All the instructional details, together with working diagrams, for these two loose covers are given in the article on the opposite page

New loose chair covers bring a second lease of life to a room. This is how to set about making them



Singer's latest electric foot-controlled sewing machine leaves the hands free for manoeuvring the loose cover

By AGNES MIALL

FOR loose cover making you need a sewing machine, sharp cutting-out shears, a few safety-pins, tailor's chalk and the usual sewing equipment.

Quantity of Material.—Each chair must be individually measured. For the small armless chair, take your tape measure from the floor behind up the back, over and down the inside back. Tuck it as far as it will go into the crevice between inside back and seat, then continue across the seat and down to the floor in front.

Write down this measurement. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. for piping and you have the length required in 31-in. material.

In the more usual 48-50-in. width, most pieces will come, pattern permitting, out of a half-width. Therefore deduct one-third from your total. Thus, if $2\frac{1}{2}$ yd. are needed in 31-in. fabric, allow about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yd. in 48-in. width.

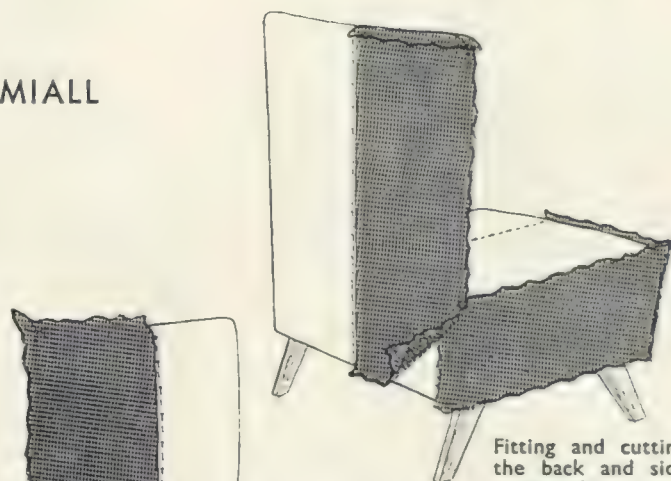
For the chair with arms take a second measurement from deep down in the side crevice of the seat up and over the arm to the floor. Double this to include the second arm and add to the first measurement plus $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. for piping. For chairs of this size 48-in. material is best. (A likely amount is $5\frac{1}{2}$ yd.) Either chair may need more stuff if you are matching stripes or centring a bold motif. You will also need medium piping cord and press fastener tape.

Cutting and fitting are done on the chair without a pattern, cutting half the shape in doubled material, as in dressmaking. Divide the chair into equal halves with a pinned or chalk line down the exact centre of outside and inside back, seat and border (seat depth). Figs. 2 and 3 show these dividing lines.

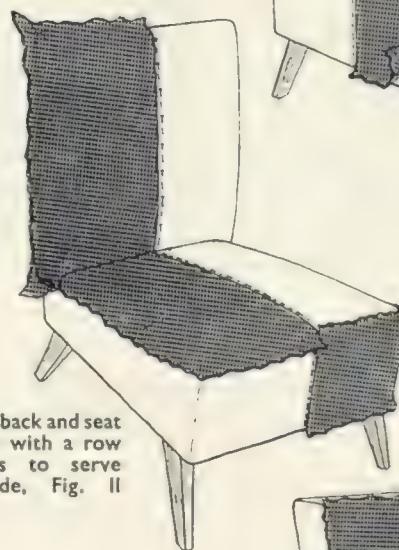
Double the material lengthwise, selvedge over selvedge, wrong side out. Or, if it is wider than required and pattern permits, fold it over only to the width needed.

To make the cover for the armless chair lay the doubled material smoothly over the inside back, with its fold exactly down the dividing line. To prevent slipping during cutting, safety-pin it to the upholstery. At both side and top it must cover the chair thickness to reach the edges of the outside back with 1 in. turnings to spare. Figs. 1 and 2 show these positions clearly.

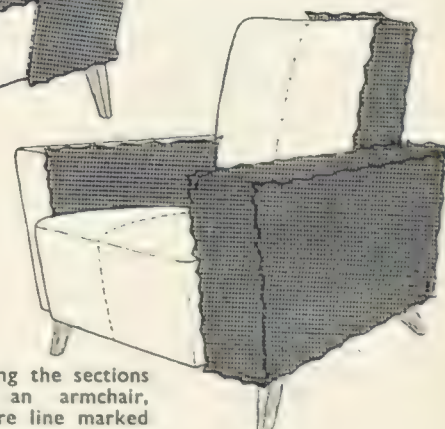
Pin a triangular dart at the top corner (Fig. 2) to give a snug fit here. Cut to shape along top and sides, leaving inch-wide turnings. (Some covers need a long horizontal dart, deep at the centre and tapering (Continued on page 77))



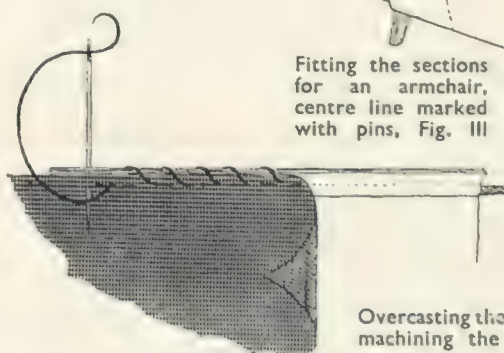
Fitting and cutting the back and side sections for an armless chair, Fig. 1



Centre back and seat marked with a row of pins to serve as guide, Fig. 2



Fitting the sections for an armchair, centre line marked with pins, Fig. 3



Overcasting the piping in place before machining the piped seam, Fig. 4

Be My Help

Whichever way he looked at it there
was only one conclusion — a pretty girl
as a permanency wouldn't do at all

By JANE HAMPTON

Illustration by LYNN BRYANT

JOHN HOLLAND was a clever, academic type, tall and thin with a serious, scholarly face, and had spent his whole life in educational establishments. When he was offered the chance of an old-established school with a fine tradition it seemed a bargain not to be missed. But he had a few misgivings and talked the matter over with a colleague.

"It's a lovely old house miles from anywhere. Of course it has gone down a bit under a failing old man," he explained. "I haven't much capital so it's a risk, and I'm not sure that I'm an organizer."

"A man never knows his ability till he puts it to the test," his friend advised. "In any case, schools run like clockwork as you know. With a new mainspring the old place will tick away merrily again."

So, suppressing his misgivings, John Holland took over at the end of the Easter term, tackled first things first in his quiet, deliberate way, and got on nicely. The scholarly look made the right impression on parents who came to collect their boys for the holidays, for all promised to bring them back at any rate for the time being. A man-to-man attitude induced a somewhat middle-aged teaching staff to stay on for the same indefinite period. That left the domestic side.

Matron was a stout, comfortable body, with that sharp motherliness that oils the wheels of so many schools. But she was sixty and about to retire.

"Well now, Mr. Holland," she said. "I suppose you'd hardly be thirty yet?"

"Very nearly," said Mr. Holland with the charming smile he sometimes found useful.

"Ah!" sighed Matron. "Then I must stay on for your first term to set you on your feet."

At that Mr. Holland sighed, too. With profound relief. The mechanism was still intact . . . for the time being.

With a month's vacation ahead he began a thorough overhaul of the premises and let himself go on that. He whistled up a gang of builders' men, decorators with paint and distemper, and a fleet of delivery vans. He took his

"That," said Nurse with a mischievous smile, "might possibly account for the spectacles. Good night, Mr. Holland"

own coat off. He flung out rubbish and re-arranged rooms to better advantage, notably a den for himself down a secluded passage. He installed new beds, desks and a polishing machine. On opening day all was gleaming efficiency, with one shining token of faith in the future: the top floor of the east wing converted into a bright new dormitory for growing numbers.

"Oh well," admitted Matron, who had been a bit obstructive. "I daresay it will all repay you in the end."

It was, in fact, repaying John Holland already, for it had dispelled all his fears about organization. The old place was soon ticking nicely. It hummed with new enthusiasm, echoing the medley of noises that belong to school life, while from the playing fields came young cries and the click of balls. As for the academic side, the headmaster was cramming a scholarship class for a July examination and not sparing them or himself.

The old school was certainly in capable hands.

IT was mid-term before there was a bit of bad luck in an outbreak of measles, and the old village doctor was the only pessimist about that.

"This is no joke for you, Holland," he said. "A nasty thing apart from complications, and goes round like wildfire. You have my sympathy."

"All in the term's work," shrugged John Holland, putting his faith in the new dormitory which would now justify itself as a sanatorium. And, of course, in Matron.





But that good lady's sympathy was not for him, being already diverted into other channels. She came puffing along the secluded passage.

"The poor lambs will be worse before they are better. I must have help, Mr. Holland," she said uncompromisingly. "I can't run up and down stairs at my age and the housemaids have their work cut out as you know."

"Of course, Matron," agreed Mr. Holland, recognizing a domestic crisis and dealing with it generously. "We'll engage a nurse. A hospital nurse."

Now Matron had never been a hospital nurse and had her own views on those. She rolled her eyes to Heaven.

"You'll never get one to come out here, never in this world!"

But Mr. Holland, quite justifiably, had now acquired full confidence in his ability to cope with any part of the mechanism. He made an airy gesture, picked up the telephone, and tried charm and dignity on a nursing agency with instant success.

"Well now!" said Matron tartly. "What it is to know how to go about it! I only hope you haven't bitten off more than you can chew!"

"I can leave everything safely with you, Matron," said Mr. Holland, rolling it all back to her ample shoulders with his very charming smile.

At break next morning, Mr. Holland came out of class and crossed the main hall for a quiet ten minutes in his den. But there was the toot of a car on the drive, and on the open

porch a back view of a lady in a light grey suit with a pert little hat set on red hair. He stepped that way, removing his horn-rims and summoning a reassuring smile for an over-anxious mother coming post-haste to her sick boy.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Holland.

The slim figure turned, swinging a zip-bag.

"Good morning!" said a friendly young voice. "I am Nurse Croft."

MR. HOLLAND took in bright blue eyes, a creamy complexion, tawny curls, and his own deep breath.

"Good morning, Nurse," he repeated. "I . . . that is, I expected someone rather older."

Nurse drew herself up and her reply was crisp.

"I wonder why?" she said. "May I see the headmaster, please?"

Mr. Holland replaced his horn rims.

"I am the headmaster," he said.

It could have been a very awkward moment. Fortunately Matron appeared, gave Nurse an appraising look, and led her straight upstairs.

In his den Mr. Holland faced facts over coffee, a cigarette, and some big bills that had come in the morning post. Two misgivings looked like coming home to roost. If finance didn't defeat him, domestic affairs probably would. Matron would have something to say with a chit of a girl on her hands.

It said something for Mr. (Continued on page 68)

Take Them as They Are

... unwashed, undressed, unawares.

*This is the way to capture the precious
moments of childhood in the camera*



"SHOOT him in the bath, shoot him anywhere, but keep shooting." This is not an injunction for a gangster, but a maxim for people with cameras who are looking for good child studies. Every parent who wants to keep a record of those precious early years should remember it. A modern camera and a lot of film will capture many enchanted moments. The most distinguished child photographers use the technique of repetition for their child and animal studies, following the child around in its natural habitat. Taking the camera to the subject and never the reverse. Shooting and shooting until the elusive picture is in the can.

In the past formalism gave us a "likeness" of a thoroughly scrubbed and often thoroughly cowed little person who had gone through the ordeal of photography and looked like it. In her best dress and on her best behaviour you could recognize her for who she was. But where was the person? Where the baby smile, the tumbled hair, the charms and foibles that make a living thing? Not in the family albums of the past, for sure.

Naturalism scorns the formal pose. The modern camera, swift as lightning to catch a movement or a sparkling glance, captures memories and enthrones them on the mantelpiece for our lasting delight. Janet at two; Johnnie at five, wearing rumpled jeans, "remember the day he fell into the lily pool in those?" Baby gripping the sides of the bath, half delighted, half scared, a moment after the sponge has been squeezed over his head. These are more than mere pictures. They are memory materialized.





Flower prints decorate the door of a teenager's room, and above, Spanish influence achieved with expanded metal panels and wrought-iron hinges



Engravings enlarged and mounted on the panels of white double doors and right, cork panels on a white door, a brass ring the only other decoration



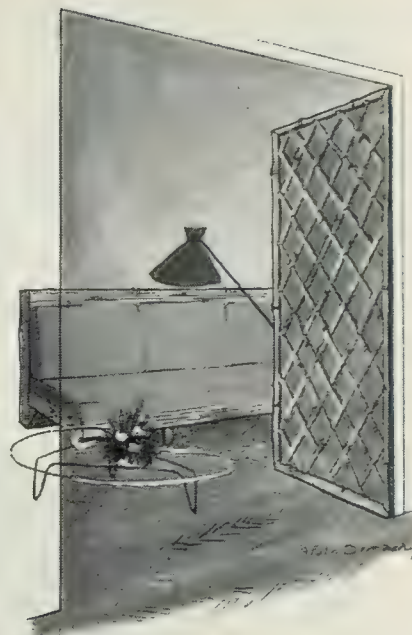
THERE ARE DOORS AND THERE ARE DOORS

*... and we have decided in favour of
treatments distinguished in themselves
and in harmony with their settings*

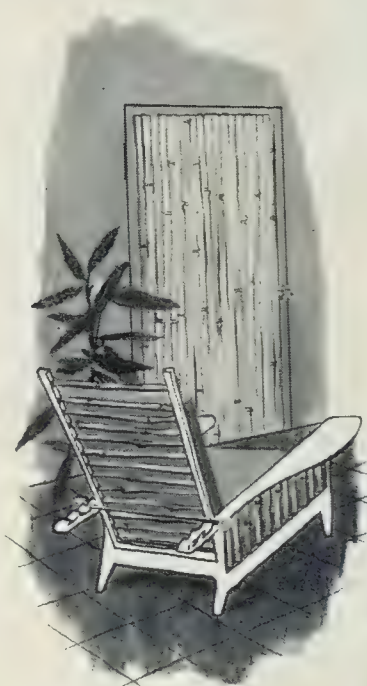
DOORS are strangely neglected features in most schemes of decoration. While the windows, however unworthy their size or shape may be, are draped and pelmeted with considerable thought and expense, the doors of the same room, which by their very function must have a considerable dignity of proportion, receive no more than a coat of paint to match the rest of the woodwork, probably in some vague attempt to make them invisible. Doors cannot be camouflaged—except by some intricate piece of *trompe-l'œil* outside the scope of the “do it yourself” decorator. The alternative is—play them up.

Where the proportions of the door are broken up and spoiled by unattractive panels (more often in Victorian houses but not unknown in “modern” houses), plywood or plaster board cut to the exact overall dimensions of the door and secured to it with invisible panelling pins gives the door an entirely new character and forms a basis for working. There is no inflexible law about painting doors “to match.” In certain settings, a contrasting colour can be effective... imagine for instance a many-doored corridor or landing, with matt white woodwork—including the door frames—except for the doors which are enamelled in a clear, primary colour. But resurfacing an ugly door and repainting it an attractive colour is not the only way of transforming it into a decorative feature in its own right. It needs only an eye for possibilities and a minimum ability for “fixing” things to aim at originality. The eight ideas suggested on these pages give some idea of what can be done using only the resources of the junk shop, the print shop and the hardware stores round the corner.

Illustrations
by
A. DEMACHY



*Bamboo sticks, split lengthwise
and fixed with panelling pins,
either latticed or placed side
by side to cover the whole
area, for a door leading on to
terrace or veranda*



*A hall door, above, outlined in
white with veneer or wallpaper
panels duplicating the timber
... rosewood, mahogany...
of the telephone shelf. Left,
fabric-covered panels sport
bronze or wrought-iron low reliefs*



Appointment

There was a promise
beckoned. Must he break

By CLAUDE HOUGHTON

EVERY morning the five-year-old Joanna brought a jug of boiling water to the spacious grey and primrose tiled bathroom, then watched Tony Sinclair shave. He was waiting for her now, in a flamboyant dressing-gown, sitting on a stool, smoking a cigarette. He had left the door ajar. It was a Friday morning : through the open window came the jubilant song of birds and the fragrance of May flowers. Every now and again, shadows cast by a tremulous bough flickered across the tiled walls.

Tony had been staying with George and Marta—whom he had known since childhood—for nearly a fortnight and, every morning soon after eight o'clock, Joanna came to the bathroom, holding a jug of boiling water with both hands, her dark, serious eyes wholly intent on preserving perfect balance. In she would come, wearing a dark red dressing-gown, dark red shoes, with two plaits tied with dark red bows. A few inches of snowy nightdress showed beneath the dressing-gown.

This daily ritual had become precious to Tony for many mixed reasons. It made early morning thoughts about his own affairs impossible, and that was eminently desirable because he did not feel at his best in the early morning. The fact that he was staying with George and Marta indicated that his always-chaotic affairs had reached a crisis, because George and Marta were the only remaining link with his rapturously happy childhood. They were devoted to him : he could stay as long as he liked. He returned to them as a weather-beaten ship returns to harbour.

He put his cigarette in an ash-tray, then rose and looked out of the window.

He looked at the long, straight drive on the left which vanished into a wood that hid the lodge and the derelict monumental gates. He had spent

She came to the bathroom, holding a jug of boiling water with both hands, her dark, serious eyes wholly intent on preserving perfect balance



with *Joanna*

made, and a woman who
one to answer the other?

Illustrations by SHOWELL

many school holidays here with George's parents, but, then, the long, perfectly proportioned house—standing in confident isolation on an eminence—had been the home of the Hayes family for generations.

Some years ago, however, economic necessity had compelled George to convert the old house into four houses. He had sold three of them and now lived in the fourth with Marta and Joanna. The lodge, too, had been sold—and the stables converted into spacious garages. What had once been a very broad balustraded terrace was now four flower gardens.

It all seemed odd to Tony, as he looked down from the bathroom window, and it must seem more odd to George. Still, George was all right. All he had ever really wanted was Marta—and all Marta had ever really wanted was George. They had each other. And Joanna.

Tony made a quick movement with his hands, then turned away from the window.

IN about three hours, he'd have to leave this cradled peace and go to London. He might get back on Monday. He *might*. He didn't know. He hadn't a guess. One thing was certain—he didn't want to go.

The door opened very slowly and Joanna appeared, holding the handle of a green jug with both hands. She said nothing—did not glance at him—being wholly intent on her delicate balancing act. When the jug was safely placed on the ledge of the washing basin, she looked up at him with earnest, inquiring eyes, evidently anxious to know whether everything had been done as it should be done.

Tony bent low, kissed the top of her head, then picked her up and deposited her on a little cork-



seated stool, which was her exclusive property.

"You're a good girl, Joanna. You spoil me. Everyone's always spoilt me—and now you do."

This was too complicated for Joanna, so she watched him lather his face until he looked a little like Father Christmas—then gazed even more intently when he began to rub the soap with his right hand, so vigorously that she thought he must be angry with his face.

Meanwhile the tall Tony—whose figure was not as slender as it ought to be—examined his reflection in the mirror and derived no satisfaction from the countenance which mimicked his every movement. In a few months he would be forty—and he looked a pretty battered forty! The blonde-gold hair had lost its lustre—and the somewhat faded blue eyes had a strained, uneasy expression. Also, every now and again, the features twitched convulsively, as if in reaction to a sudden twinge of toothache. Above all, he felt he could do with a whisky and soda, just one, to pep him up for the drive to London—and for his meeting with Delia Carstairs.

Until Tony arrived Joanna had never seen a man shave—her father shaved, bathed and dressed long before she was up—but as she continued to watch Tony perform this most mysterious rite, she was suddenly able to formulate a problem which had perplexed her for many days.

"Will I have to do that—when I'm grown-up?"

"No, Joanna, you won't have to shave. You'll be a beautiful lady—and beautiful ladies don't have to shave. Men have to—because they're different."

Joanna considered this astonishing information with an expression of great gravity. There she sat, compact and motionless, on the little cork-seated stool, looking at him in a manner which implied that everything in the world was

orderly and necessary—and that what she had to do was to learn how to behave like grown-ups, who were wise, tranquil beings who knew everything and never made a mistake.

Tony put the razor, and the shaving brush with its aura of lather, on the stool, then stood looking down at her.

Joanna gazed at this strange face which looked like that of a half-melted snowman. Suddenly the dark eyes became luminous—and the features lit—with affection.

"I like you," she said slowly, isolating each word and articulating it with painstaking exactitude. "I like you very much."

Impetuously, he sank to his knees and took her hands.

"I like you, too, Joanna—very much. It's jolly decent of you to bring my shaving water every morning."

NOW that his face was almost level with hers, it looked so peculiar that she felt rather frightened. Then, greatly daring, she pushed her right forefinger through the lather covering his chin—and was amazed to find stiff obstinate bristles.

"Do they hurt?"

"No, they don't hurt, Joanna."

"How do they get there?"

"They grow—while I'm asleep."

This was one of those utterly bewildering remarks which grown-ups sometimes made. If they grew while he was asleep, why didn't they wake him up?

Then she said:

"Mummy says you're going away."

"Yes, I'm going away. I don't want to. I've got to."

She'd have to tell her doll, Jane, about this. She'd often told Jane that grown-ups always do (Continued on page 78)

"You've never known what to do with yourself, have you?" she said, looking up at him





Inset photographs above: left, Rowland Winn (taken by Ernest Hemingway's wife) and right, Paula Batchelor, author of "Bed Majestical"

November Reading... by TREVOR ALLEN

SHOWFOLK

MESDAMES, I salute you. Your literary urge today seems to be as strong as your amative and maternal. Given the least unusual experience, away you rush to your portable typewriters to tell the world about it, and the washing-machine wilts. . . .

Elizabeth de Trevino was a Boston journalist assigned to Mexico. She married the Mexican deputed to meet her and has written "**My Heart Lies South**" (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) to tell us of her life in that colourful country and his Catholic family, with Papacita and Mamacita supervising their welfare in a heat that climbs to 90 deg. day and night. I find it enchanting and revealing, notably on social customs, particularly on servant problems. The maid Tomasa, for example, spent her first day nailing up pictures of her favourite saints, installing her basin of Holy Water and a small altar with Holy Family, candles, flowers. Whenever she was asked to cook a dish she didn't know she would crash on her knees and beg God to send her the recipe. When she served at table she would pray aloud in the doorway: "Dios Mio, please don't let the *señora* criticize this dish, for You know how I burnt my finger and what a chore it is to grind up all those chilies anyhow." To another maid who was scandalously expecting, Mrs. de Trevino said sadly: "But Josefina, I thought you were so *seria!*" (serious). "Oh *señora*," she sighed, "you have no idea how sneaky I am!" An admirable book which I commend to all wives everywhere.

Celeste Andrews Seton married an adopted son of Helen Gould Shepard, eccentric New York philanthropist who had literally a heart of gold, for she gave away about £3 million. Bathers in her swimming pool had to wear black cotton stockings. She forbade smoking, drinking, short skirts, low necks. At 3.30 a.m. she roused the whole household with bells and gongs to sally out ecstatically to view the night-blooming cereus. When she endowed a science department and found that it taught the evolution theory she felt betrayed. Mrs. Seton's reactions to all this and Heaven, too—for she was fundamentally an angel—are deliciously portrayed in "**My Mother-In-Law**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.).

Sheila MacKay Russell wanted to be a Florence Nightingale, and her story—"**A Lamp Is Heavy**" (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.)—is of a nurse's life from probationer's black stockings and initial nerves about medicines ("We could kill someone!") to the doctor who turns back to say "You have nice eyes," (Continued on page 77)

WHATEVER else they lack, books by showfolk usually have the gift of gaiety. I quaked at Eva Gabor's slick wisecracking in "**Orchids And Salami**" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.), the mainly Hollywood story of the audacious blonde who was talent-spotted while in a dentist's chair.

Jessie Royce Landis's memoir, "**You Won't Be So Pretty**" (W. H. Allen, 18s.), bridges both the English and U.S. stage. A good story is of the cast just dying in *The Winter's Tale* when she had eaten garlic and the king had to say in the statue scene: "Would you not deem it breathed—methinks there is an air comes from her!"

Adolph Zukor's "**The Public Is Never Wrong**" (Cassell, 15s.) takes us right inside Hollywood, frankly debunks the Valentino legend, and gives us informal close-ups of other stars. The "Sheik," he says, was in debt all his life; a salary rise far above his contract only whetted his appetite for more, and he became downright unreasonable after *Blood And Sand*.

King Vidor—"A Tree Is A Tree" (Longmans, 18s.)—also writes from the film mogul's side, with half a century's experience, giving us a cavalcade of changing techniques and personalities. His star stories include one of Chaplin, who always cut his own hair, cutting Vidor's. "Who cut your hair last time?" asked his barber. "Charlie Chaplin," he replied. Barber, angrily: "When I ask a civil question, I expect a civil answer." And neither spoke a word more.

"**Bransby Williams By Himself**" (Hutchinson, 15s.) reminds us that this now TV veteran has played variety, Dickens and Shakespeare characters, Hamlet and the panto Baron. He began in working men's clubs on the sawdust, and Edward VII told him that he had raised the music-hall "from sawdust to the Palace." His memoirs are talked rather than written: a lucky dip of anecdote small and big, grave and gay.



A change in carpeting and shelves set at right angles to the wall create the impression of a dining alcove within a rectangular room. Detail of dining alcove, left

3 INTO 1 WILL GO!

Furnishing a modern multi-purpose room involves the time-honoured principles of optical illusion

By
MICHAEL
SHERIDAN

THEY were house-hunting—and were pleasantly surprised at the number of “possibles” now on the estate agents’ books. But the eulogies of so many of these otherwise desirable residences were marred by one detail that, used as they were to a typical family house, spoilt the whole picture. For increasingly, they found, the time-honoured formula: “two recep.” was replaced by another: “kitchen-dining-room” or, even more disturbing: “large living-room.” Disturbing because, after all, love of privacy is a traditional British “virtue.”

The fact is that for many of us today, the “two recep.” convention is a quarter of a century out of date. It belongs to the days of plentiful domestic help, of cheap fuel, of more formal living, when the basic functions of sleeping, eating, cooking, study and relaxing were each allotted an inalienable place in the scheme of things. Today, even if not forced to it by circumstances, we may often find it more convenient to combine two or more of these functions in one room: cooking with eating, sleeping with study, relaxation with eating.

But even if it only involves turning a child’s bedroom into something more in keeping with the developing needs of the teenager, this changing convention demands a new attitude to furnishing and decoration. For, after all, even a bed-sitter is a failure if it is merely a bedroom in which it is possible occasionally to sit. And, as for a combined dining-and-sitting-room—unless properly planned it can easily become chaotic, especially if it is also used by children for homework or games.

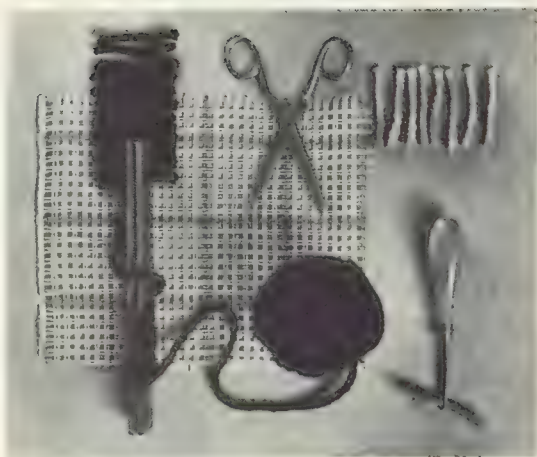
The major secret of any successful multi-purpose room is that it cheats the (Continued on page 82)

Colour, lighting and disposition of furniture divide this room into three separate zones without destroying its homogeneity. Right: detail of the sitting-room



RUGS to make for a contemporary room

Hand-made rugs will last a lifetime . . . here are two designs in the contemporary mood which will stand the test of time



Tools for the job, showing the rug hook and the wool wound on to the cutter ready for cutting with scissors

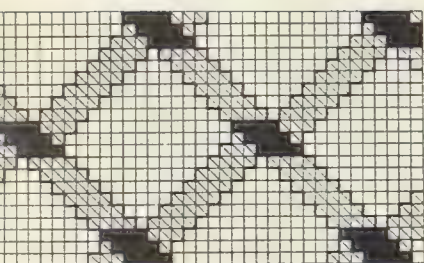


Chart for working the pattern repeat of the yellow and black rug

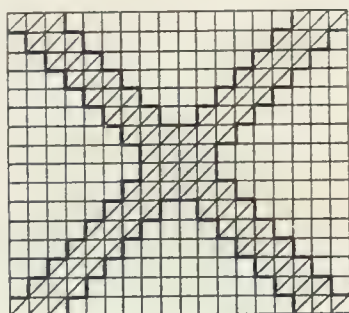
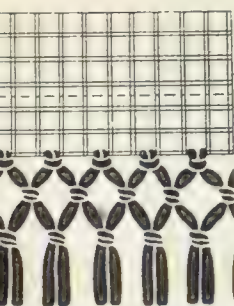


Chart for working the crosses repeated in bands on the scarlet rug



For this triple knitted fringe, allow an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. wool and cut each strand 20 inches long

BOTH these rugs are for a size 36 by 54 inches, measured without the fringe. For the yellow and black rug, you will need a 5-ft. length of 36-in. wide rug canvas, $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sirdar "Persian" rug wool in yellow No. 58; $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in grey, No. 57; $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in black; making $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in all; a hook and a wool cutter.

Start work on one of the short sides. Turn up four rows of canvas on to front and work through two thicknesses, two rows of black and two rows of grey. Keep two black stitches at each end of the grey rows and leave the outer edge of the canvas unworked to take the fringe later.

Note. Throughout the pattern, work two black stitches with two grey stitches inside at each end of every row to make the border.

After the first four border rows, work from left to right, following the chart. You will find the pattern follows on easily after you have got past the first black diamond. The first row of the pattern ends with thirteen yellow stitches.

When you have completed twenty-one black diamonds from the beginning, turn in the canvas and work through the double thickness for four rows as at the start, leaving the outer loop for the fringe.

To work the fringe, cut lengths of wool, each 8 in. long, arranging the colours in any way you like. Turn rug face down, one end towards you, and work each stitch as you did for the rug.

THE black and scarlet rug needs a 5-ft. length of 35-in. wide rug canvas, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Lee Target rug wool in black and 6 lb. in scarlet, No. 2811 ($8\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in all); a hook, and a cutter.

Begin on the short side, by turning up four rows of canvas on to the front and work the first four rows through the double canvas, leaving the outer loops free to take the fringing.

The working scheme is :

****3 rows black, 2 red, 3 black, 4 red**.** Then come the 16 rows to make the first band of crosses, beginning on the first row, 9 stitches red, *** 3 black, 12 red, 3 black, 24 red***; rep. from * to *, then 3 black, 12 red, 3 black, 9 red. Complete the 16 rows by following the chart.

After the first band of crosses is completed, work 4 rows red, then rep. from ** to ** again. Now start the second band of crosses, beginning and ending with 30 red on the first row, and 24 red in the centre. Then work 4 rows red, (3 black rows, 2 red rows) twice, 3 black rows, 4 red. Now work a band of crosses as for the first set.

Finish the second half of the rug to correspond with the first, turning in a double edge when you get to the last 4 rows and leaving a final row of canvas loops to take the fringe.

In case you are not expert in the art of rug making, here are some useful tips. Do not cut up too much wool at a time; it only gets messed up or lost. Before working each row, pinch with finger and thumb all the way along. You will find your hook goes through the canvas much quicker if the working surface is slightly raised in this way.

As each stitch is finished, make sure the ends are even. When the rug is finished, rub the surface over firmly with the flat of your hand to remove surplus wool. The rug will go on shedding for quite a time.

The side edges of the rug can be bound back with webbing or braid, but it is not vital. The selvages of different canvases vary in width, so that it sometimes looks better if done.



Rugs designed by Vivien Ingham

Photograph by Caradog Williams



The VILLAIN takes ALL

... and
dominates the current
film scene as an eccentric
and monstrous delinquent—
but where are the villains
we once loved to hate?

By ALAN BRIEN

THE Man You Will Love To Hate" was what the cinema posters called him. And prewar filmgoers will remember the face of an aristocratic rhinoceros stiffened by an icy monocle, the soft white gloves on the strong hands, the close-cropped bullet head, the corseted cavalry officer's figure, and the inimitable way of draining a brandy glass with the body arched and the chin thrown back in a kind of debauched salute. This was Erich von Stroheim, the prince of the old-time villains. In the fabulous early days of Hollywood he had been a brilliant film director. For the last twenty years in America and Europe he has been actor specializing in the creation of memorable and attractive scoundrels.

Stroheim was brutal, ruthless and implacable. But his villains lived so strictly according to their own stern code of evil that one could not withhold a reluctant admiration. The films in which he used to appear were often poorly produced, and their heroes and heroines were vapid and lifeless. By contrast, Stroheim's destructive energy took an impressive glow. As Milton found in his "Paradise Lost," it is hard to avoid making Satan the real hero.

Since the war, the black but charming villain has gone out of fashion in nearly all films. Stroheim was glimpsed as a dashing Rommel, and more recently as Gloria Swanson's faithful admirer-in-exile in *Sunset Boulevard*. Last year he visited England and one incident at his press conference will give those who never saw him on the screen some idea of his uniquely aggressive brand of skulduggery. He was glancing round for some place to drop his cigarette ash when a film critic cupped his hands and said jokingly:

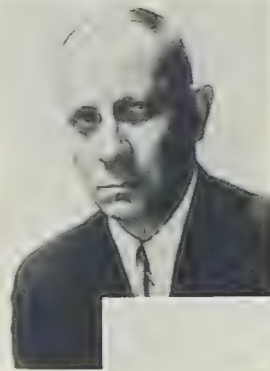
"If you were the man you used to be in films, you would stub it out on my palm!"

Stroheim curled his lip.

"If you were a woman," he said slowly, "I would!"

THE old villain was dangerous but impressive, like a wild tiger. The modern one is fatal but revolting, like a scorpion. Scriptwriters have been competing feverishly to produce the most eccentric and monstrous delinquent. It is significant that the villain is now known in the racy slang of the Hollywood studios as a "George Gruesome." Recent Gruesomes have included numerous homicidal maniacs, a giant ant, a vicious cripple, a man-eating ape and a drunken beachcomber. It is rare to find one who is not completely insane. A favourite device is to give him some unattractive physical disability such as a ragged scar, a withered hand or one eye.

Probably the most unsympathetic and unsavoury villain this year was Charles Vanel in *The Wages Of Fear*. It might be objected that this was a French film and not typical of our normal screen fare. But *The Wages Of Fear* was universally praised by the critics and proved so popular with audiences that it (Continued on page 84)



Left: Peter Cushing as Sir Palomides in *The Black Knight*. Top: Erich von Stroheim. Centre: Peter Finch as Flambeau in *Father Brown*. Bottom left: Charles Vanel in *The Wages Of Fear*, and right, Marlon Brando

DISCUSSION POINTS

of the month

Pick of November's controversial bunch: a gangster film plus, a home-grown musical, heart-warming dogs, head-hugging hats, an Indian bombshell, and a British virtuoso



Dockland innocents Brando and Saint get caught in a scuffle

A GRIM, dark film is *On The Waterfront*, shot amid the craggy levels of the New York docks, with their ugly, claustrophobic dens and sudden silvery vistas of distant ships. Its genesis was dramatic—a series of blistering articles on waterfront crime gangs by reporter Malcolm Johnson, together with the dynamic championing of the dockers by Father Corridan touched off the enthusiasm of director Elia Kazan. The tough dockland waif Terry Malloy, puzzled, smouldering, exploited, inarticulate, showing in the end a desperate, stubborn, unflamboyant heroism, is a part tailor-made for Marlon Brando: he lives in it, is entirely convincing, never acted better in his life, and for isolated, outlaw rôles proves himself without peer in his generation. The fragile dockland waif Edie is played by newcomer Eva Marie Saint, a modern Lilian Gish with poignantly expressive face and refreshingly unglamorous make-up, hair-do and clothes. She moves palely, as if with a charmed life, through the drab, sullen, menacing dockland scene. *On The Waterfront* was chosen for the Festivals of both Edinburgh and Venice. It is generally released on November 1.

THE clock of female fashion, which ticks backwards nowadays, is recapitulating at accelerated speed: the 1930s have already reached the populace;

while haute couture is fast forging through the 1920s with a distinct line on Sargent. Meanwhile a useful snug line in berets has emerged to cling to half our heads through the icy gales of the long and dreary winter to come. Straight, demure, dull little platters are *out*: a wicked look is in: this encourager of the glad eye is from Paris, but can be copied by the ingenious for a few shillings. . . .

FASHIONS in dogs are as reasonless as fashions on women, but we venture to say that the poodle has become rather typed, the shorter-lived boxer vogue is in the decline because of cupboard draw-backs, and the ancient dynasty of Pekingese on the incline. Our picture comes from the lavish *Pekingese Scrapbook* by Elsa and Ellic Howe, published by Chapman & Hall at 1 gn.—an ideal Christmas book, this—which shows decidedly which way the wind is blowing, and reveals the spectacular and hair-breadth history of this miscalled "lapdog." The Peke was unknown outside the Imperial Palace of China until the surprisingly late date of 1860, when an Anglo-French expeditionary force captured five members of the species in Peking and brought them back to Europe. Somehow the strain was kept going until a second batch of a dozen arrived in 1890, whence stemmed the ubiquitous, diminutive and lordly breed of today.



*One warm ear for winter
(above): hats are to be side-long. Below: The impudent
dignity of Pekes is
everywhere in the ascendant*



Photograph by Pilgrim

"MY ancestors on my mother's side were brigands who infested a range of hills overlooking the Lake of Killarney, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks. Two things are known to have run in their blood—a tendency to end up on the gallows and an itch to harry the English. I have managed to eradicate the first." And so the phenomenal Irish-Indian Aubrey Menen proceeds to indulge in the second with infectious glee for the 136 pages of his very witty, moderately wise, and occasionally stinging little book *Dead Man In The Silver Market* (further explained as "an autobiographical essay on national prides"): Chatto & Windus, 8s. 6d. See the English as they are: pompous, self-righteous, vacuous, absurd, muddling into the acquiring of an Empire (this incites him to particular viperishness) muddling into losing it again (here he fairly hugs himself with delight)—and so it goes on, the History of the British Empire retold in little peppery sentences, with a twist regularly in the tail of each paragraph. But it is not the fascination (if any) of the subject which lures one on to the end—jokes against the English have become as traditional and monotonous as a game of ninepins—but the fascination of Mr. Menen himself, who gives himself away most engagingly: he is volatile, quick-witted, sarcastic, skilful, orientally oblique, and he knows it.



[Photograph by Ferrante]

Aubrey Menen: "*Clear your mind of cant*" is on his banner



[Photograph by Georges Maiteny]

Dennis Brain: unsurpassed master of horn-playing

DENNIS BRAIN makes the exacting art of playing the horn look absurdly easy. For many years now he has been a world-famous virtuoso, which is something of a tradition in the Brain family: Dennis was a pupil of his father Aubrey, who teaches brilliantly at the Royal Academy of Music; while his elder brother Leonard sets the standard for oboe-playing. Dennis has inspired composers such as Britten, Gordon Jacob and Hindemith to add works to the horn repertory. On November 28, together with Max Rostal and Colin Horsley, he will be playing Brahms, Berkeley and Franck at a Victoria and Albert eight o'clock concert.

JULIAN SLADE, a twenty-four year old saviour of the languishing English musical, taught himself music at Cambridge while officially reading classics, then went to Bristol to act, but found himself instead writing music for actors—culminating in *Salad Days*. That inspired cultivator of young talent, Denis Carey, brought the Bristol Old Vic company to London, and packed the Vaudeville by the magic of a street piano. Julian Slade has composed equally apt music for *The Duenna*, and is at present busy on *The Taming Of The Shrew* for the Old Vic.



[Photograph by Georges Maiteny]

Young Julian Slade played tunes by ear and conquered London

The patina of fine wood is part of
the beauty of good furniture. Your everyday care
of a treasured piece will result in

putting a PATINA on it



[Photograph by Humphrey Joel]

MOST of us expect our furniture to last at least a lifetime. So it should if it's given a square deal. But that's often just what it doesn't get. We smear it with layer after layer of unsuitable "waxy" polishes that merely build up a surface of solid dirt instead of the fine patina we aimed at, or we forget entirely that wood is a living material and needs nourishment to keep it in good health.

Sometimes, curiously enough, it's the over-houseproud who are the worst offenders. For, knowing that wood needs "feeding," they tend to spread bottle after bottle of polish over it and merely succeed in choking it. Regular polishing is what counts, for the patina of age is less the result of the polishes used than of the sheer elbow grease. An occasional "wash" with nothing more potent than lukewarm water and a neutral soap, especially as a preliminary to polishing, is as good a tonic as any since it removes "stickiness" and the sheer dirt that may be more deeply ingrained by mere polishing.

Much modern furniture, indeed, has a synthetic lacquer finish which requires little more than wiping down with a damp cloth to keep it in first-class condition. Some furniture creams may actually harm this type of finish so if you're buying new furniture it's worth inquiring the best way to care for it. (A few manufacturers are sensibly beginning to label their furniture with these details.)

The best possible "foods" for timber, especially if it is French polished or waxed, are beeswax and real turpentine. For years the latter was unobtainable for use in furniture creams and was replaced by substitutes that sometimes did more harm than good. But Stephenson's Polish is now on the market again made with genuine "turps" that is excellent for any type of finish.

Sometimes, especially in industrial areas, polished furniture acquires a dull, unsightly "bloom," the worse on the very pieces which started with the finest polish. This is caused by a combination of humidity and chemicals in the atmosphere. A "reviver," suitable whatever the original finish of the furniture, can be made by mixing one tablespoon of (Continued on page 66)

Fourth in our series of
the great novels of the
past is one from the
Barsetshire cycle by
Anthony Trollope

"OF *Framley Parsonage*," wrote Trollope in his autobiography, "I need only say that as I wrote it I became more closely than ever acquainted with the new shire which I had added to the English counties. I had it all in my mind—its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its Members of Parliament and the different hunts which rode over it. This was the fourth novel of which I had placed the scene in Barsetshire, and as I wrote it I made a map of the dear country."

Framley Parsonage, commissioned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, was a *tour de force*. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* was to appear with great *éclat* on January 1, 1860. On October 28, 1859, Trollope who was then living in Ireland, received a letter from Thackeray, the Editor, offering him £1,000 for a serial, on condition that it should start in the first issue of the *Cornhill*. "There was much in all this," mildly comments Trollope later, "that astonished me—in the first place the price, which was more than double what I had yet received. . . . Then there was the suddenness of the call. It was already the end of October, and a portion of the work was required to be in the printer's hands within six weeks."

Trollope left immediately for London where he talked over the plot of the proposed serial with Thackeray. "On my journey back to Ireland, in the railway carriage, I wrote the first few pages of that story. I had got into my head an idea of what I meant to write—a morsel of the biography of an English clergyman. . . ."

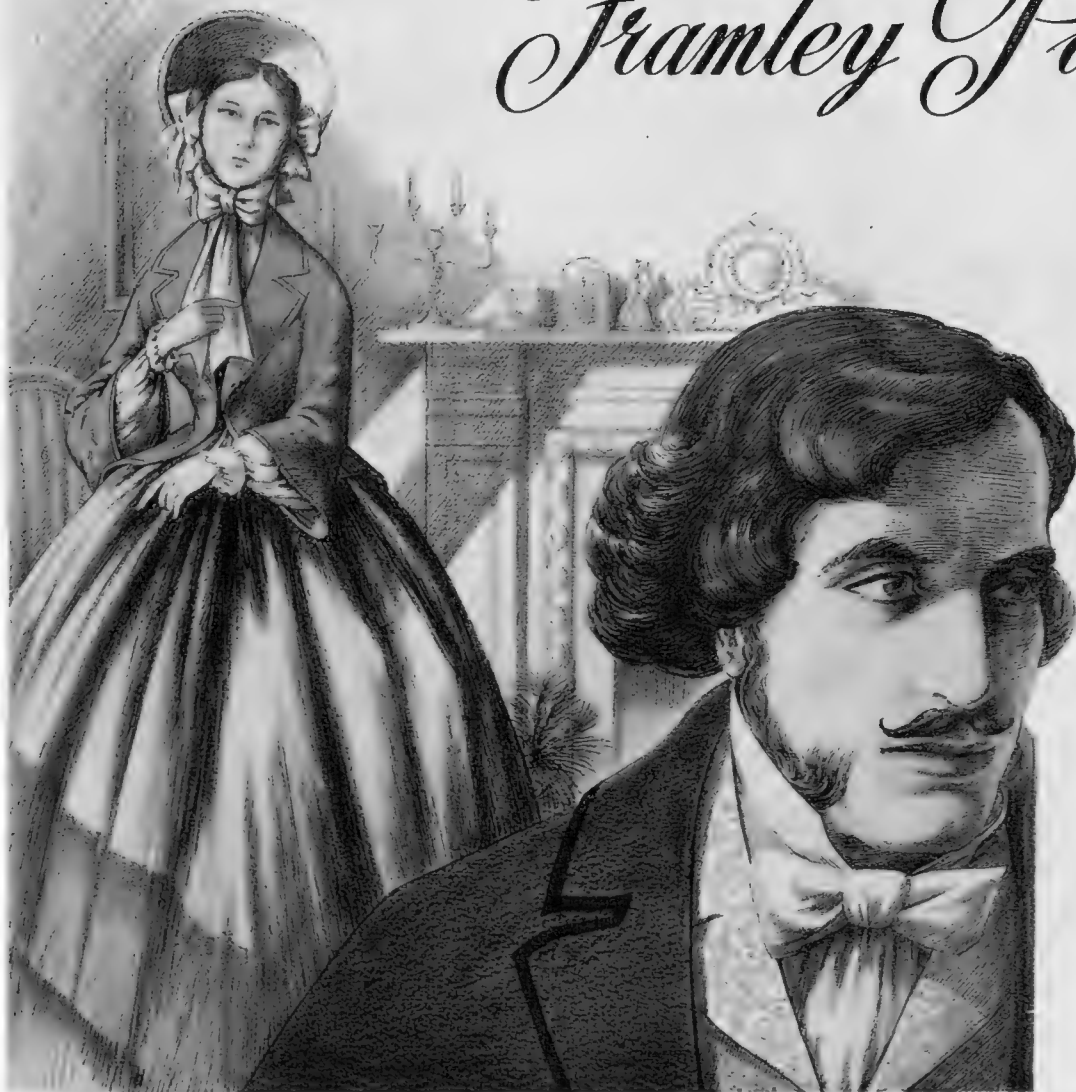
THE AUTHOR

Trollope was born in 1815. His mother, Frances Trollope, was a popular novelist of the day and supported her invalid husband and family entirely by writing.

At the age of nineteen, Trollope entered the Post Office at a salary of £90 a year. His first years as a Civil Servant were unhappy, mainly due to his financial troubles. He began to write solely to augment his income and would rise at six in the morning to complete a set number of pages on the current novel, before setting off to do a day's work at the Post Office.

After two or three failures came *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* for which Trollope received £727 11s. 3d. Fourteen years later, in 1869, he was to receive £3,200 for *Phineas Finn*. His ambition to live the life of a country gentleman—always the spur to his incredible industry—was realized. He died in 1882.

Framley Parsonage



Illustrations

by

MIDDLEHURST

Deceived by Lucy's acting, Lord Lufton turned away, convinced that she did not love him

WHEN Lady Lufton bestowed the living of Framley on Mark Robarts, she did so not only because Mark was her son's closest friend, but also "on account of the excellence of his general conduct. He moved in the best set—he incurred no debts—he was fond of society, but able to avoid low society—liked his wine, but was never known to be drunk. . . . In person he was manly, tall and fair-haired, with a square forehead, denoting intelligence rather than thought, with clear, white hands, filbert nails, and a power of dressing himself in such a manner that no one should ever observe of him that his clothes were either good or bad, shabby or smart." His High Church tendencies concurred with Lady Lufton's ideas on the matter, making him, in her mind, the perfect parson for Framley parish.

Mark, the son of a far from well-to-do doctor, owed everything to Lady Lufton. "The powerful dowager of Framley Court" had not only provided him with his education, but with the Framley living which carried a salary of £900 a year, sufficient to keep up a gentleman's establishment and pay a curate to do the work of the parish. She had also introduced him to his charming wife, Fanny, who, as Lady Lufton so rightly judged, was all that the wife of a parish clergyman, on good terms with the local gentry, should be.



Mark set off for Chaldicotes, pleased with the prospect of his visit.



Lady Lufton's anger at Mark's behaviour was loyally borne by Fanny

It was, then, a great grief to Lady Lufton when she learnt that Mark had become friendly with what she called "the Chaldicotes set," who were "opposed to everything that Lady Lufton thought a set should be," Whig in politics, low church by inclination and, most serious of all—"given to bachelor malpractices." Mark's acquaintance with Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes began while acting as intermediary between that gentleman and Lord Lufton over some money transaction in which Lord Lufton had suspicions he was being cheated.

WHEN Mark announced to his wife Fanny that he had been invited to stay at Chaldicotes, she knew that Lady Lufton would be greatly displeased. So did Mark, but nevertheless he drove off "well pleased with the prospect of the coming ten days, but already anticipating some discomfort on his return."

Mark slipped easily into the worldly way of life at Chaldicotes. The seal was set on his popularity with his new friends when he received an invitation to spend the week-end at Gatherum Castle as the guest of the Duke of Omnium, whom

Lady Lufton considered "an impersonation of Lucifer" himself.

At first, Mark prudently declined the invitation, but Mr. Sowerby cunningly argued him into it. "If you persist in refusing this invitation will it not be because you are afraid of making Lady Lufton angry? If you are content to live at Framley all your life and to warm yourself in the sunshine of the dowager there, why, in such case, it may perhaps be useless to extend your circle of friends, but if you have higher ideas than these, you will be very wrong to omit the present opportunity of going to the Duke's."

Anxious not to appear intimidated by Lady Lufton—which he secretly was—Mark accepted the invitation and wrote to Fanny asking her to break the unpleasant news to Lady Lufton. It was only Fanny's spirited loyalty to her husband that diverted the dowager's anger.

One of the liveliest guests Mark met at Gatherum Castle was Miss Dunstable, a reputed millionairess, invited by the Duke of Omnium for the purpose of meeting Mr. Sowerby. Sowerby was so much in the Duke's debt that the safest way of ensuring the money was to marry Sowerby to an heiress. All this Sowerby confided to Mark late one evening, using his expectations as a specious argument to induce the clergyman to endorse a bill of £400 for him. Mark could scarcely raise £50—he lived well up to his income—and said so, but Sowerby was persistent. At last, "Mark Robarts took the pen and signed the bill. It was the first time in his life he had ever done such an act. Sowerby then shook him cordially by the hand and he walked off to his bedroom a wretched man."

BUT how was Mark to tell his wife of this crushing commitment? The evil hour was delayed by the sudden death of Mark's father. This meant a visit to his father's home to settle affairs there and to bring his younger sister, Lucy, back to Framley Parsonage to live.

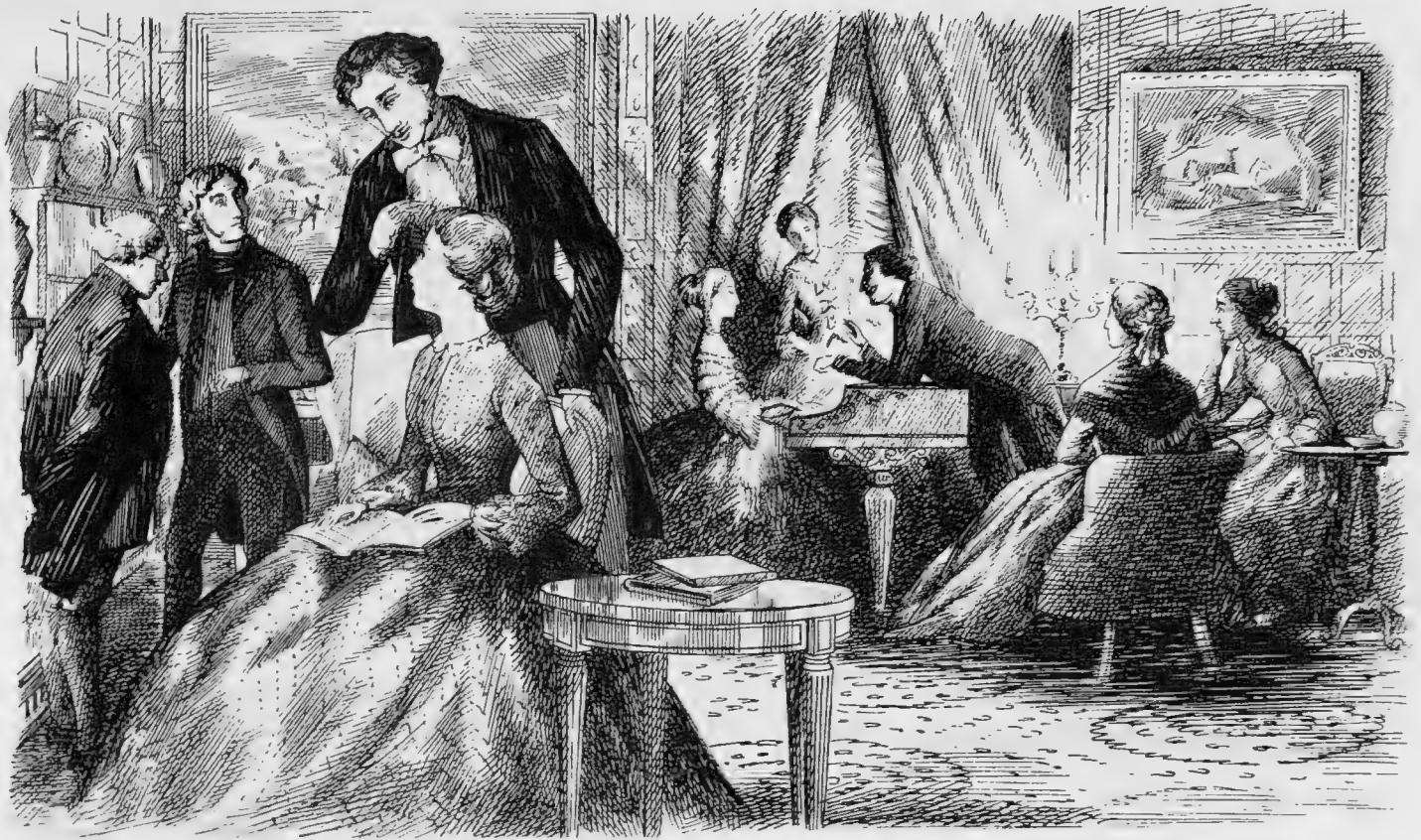
"Lucy Robarts was thoroughly a brunette. Sometimes the dark tint of her cheek was exquisitely rich and lovely, and the fringes of her eyes were long and soft." Subdued now by the death of her beloved father (she was normally a lively girl with a ready wit), she captured Fanny's heart with her intelligence and gentle ways. Invitations, of course, were issued from Framley Court for Lucy to visit there, but she excused herself on grounds of mourning. So it was that Lord Lufton—the heir of Framley Court—met Lucy for the first time with Fanny when they were returning to the Parsonage. He escorted Lucy home, and completely won her affections by his friendly and sympathetic manner.

Soon after, Lucy died at Framley Court. The evening began inauspiciously. Mark was gently upbraided by Lady Lufton for consorting with the "Philistines of Chaldicotes." Lucy had to watch Lord Lufton's attentions to the only daughter of Archdeacon Grantly, Griselda, "a decided beauty, if somewhat statuesque in her loveliness."

After dinner, Lucy sat miserably turning the leaves of a picture-book, while the others clustered round Griselda at the



With misgivings, Mark took the pen and signed Sowerby's fateful bill



"Miss Roberts," said Lord Lufton, leaving the admiring group round Griselda at the piano, "why do you desert us?"

piano, until she heard Lord Lufton's voice close behind her chair. "Miss Roberts, why have you cut us all?" There he remained, chatting happily, until Lady Lufton, who had very decided marriage plans for her son, intervened.

The next three months, delightful for Lucy, were worrying for her brother Mark. While the friendship between Lord Lufton and Lucy grew, Mark was becoming increasingly apprehensive about the Sowerby bill which was nearly due to

run out. On the fatal date Mark received a letter from Sowerby saying, "As neither of us can take up the bill for £400, we must renew it. To cover this, and some other little outstanding trifles, I have filled in a new bill for £500," which was enclosed for Mark's signature. The original bill for £400 was not returned, but surely, thought Mark, Sowerby was a gentleman and could be trusted to see that it was destroyed? "Mark did not in truth know much about

such things . . . but at last he signed the bill. And again for a few hours this affair made him very miserable."

MEANTIME, Lord Lufton's obvious regard for Lucy had begun to perturb his mother, who had plans for him to marry Griselda Grantly, eminently suited, both in looks and fortune, to be the future Lady Lufton. So, with poor Fanny to act as intermediary, Lucy was warned that continued friendship with Lord



"I made Lucy an offer," Lord Lufton told Mark. "I was refused. Will you as her brother give me your assistance?"



Mark broke down and told Fanny of his financial predicament

Lufton could only bring suspicion that she was out to "catch" him.

Poor Lucy was outraged by this imputation, all the more so that she was genuinely in love. With wounded pride the spur, she avoided him, until one day Lord Lufton called at the Parsonage to beg for an explanation of her change of manner. He, too, had realised his love for Lucy.

"My Lucy, my own Lucy—my heart's best friend. Lucy, there is my hand. I must know how your heart stands towards me."

"Lord Lufton," she lied, his mother's cruel words still rankling in her mind, "I cannot love you."

Deceived by her acting, Lufton departed, unaware that Lucy had run upstairs, locked herself in her room, to weep alone.

The London Season had arrived, and Lady Lufton thought this an opportunity to press "the Lufton-Grantly marriage alliance," although her son showed little enthusiasm for the beautiful Griselda's company. While the



The bailiffs greeted Lord Lufton's arrival with marked civility

round of balls and parties progressed, Sowerby was using his influence to get Mark a vacant stall in the Barchester Chapter. Mark and Lord Lufton almost quarrelled over this. In a heated discussion, Lufton mentioned Mark's money transaction with Sowerby, putting the worst interpretation on it. "The world," he said, "will tell you that you have paid that price for this stall at Barchester." Mark was appalled to see the matter in this light and decided to refuse the new post, but once again Sowerby's persuasions won him over. Sowerby's sister, who was an intimate friend of the rich Miss Dunstable, had promised to press his suit with the millionairess, and on this expectation, Sowerby was able to reassure Mark that he would, ultimately, be able to honour the two bills.

IT was at Miss Dunstable's grand ball in London that Lord Lufton told his mother that he would never marry Griselda Grantly, which was timely, because Griselda was proposed to by, and accepted, Lord Dumbello that same evening. With his mother's assurance that she would accept as daughter-in-law any good, affectionate girl, Lord Lufton returned to Framley and told Mark of his love for his sister. "You may know it as a fact," he said to the astonished Mark, "I did make her an offer of marriage ;



Lucy read Fanny's letter congratulating her on the engagement

I was refused. I am going to repeat it ; and I am now taking you into my confidence in order that, as her brother and as my friend, you may give me such assistance as you can."

True to his promise, Mark spoke to Lucy on Lord Lufton's behalf, but Lucy was not persuaded. "I will never marry him unless his mother asks me," was her final word, and it was sadly agreed at the Parsonage that this reply was tantamount to a refusal, for this the despotic dowager would never do. Indeed, when Lufton broached the matter to his mother, before going off for a holiday in Norway, she was strongly opposed to the idea of a mere parson's sister as the future Lady Lufton.

Meanwhile, Nemesis had overtaken Sowerby. He had been flatly turned down by Miss Dunstable, and the Duke of Omnium, seeing no prospect of getting back his money, decided to foreclose on Chaldicotes. Sowerby wrote to Mark, warning him of the approaching debacle and begging him to sign yet more bills to put off the day of reckoning.

But Mark had learnt a bitter lesson. He steadfastly refused, knowing all too well that disclosure of rather questionable money transactions would be catastrophic to his reputation as a clergyman and likely to ruin him. It was only now that he broke (Continued on page 86)

a little meat to...

MELT in your MOUTH



With choice cuts of meat once more available

it is possible to realise the

gourmet's dreams of Chateaubriand....

Filet Mignon....Steak Diane....

MORE years ago than I care to remember, I enjoyed a porterhouse steak. An enormous affair, it must have weighed over a pound, but I was young then, rationing was unknown, and there seemed to be no limit to my digestive capacity. I could take it; and I did. For many years, and especially during the most rationed part of the war, I would hoist wistfully into my memory that lordly steak, succulent, tender and garnished with small glazed onions, grilled tomatoes and watercress. The thought sustained me whenever I consumed round fried cakes mis-called Oxford or Cambridge or Vienna "steaks," all of them with anonymous ingredients of which beef was not one.

Well, thank goodness that's all over now. Beef is back in the shops. The price is terrible, but the quality is good: in fact, better than we've known for years. An occasional indulgence in a real grilled steak is permissible, and I can assure you that the psychological effect is tremendous.

Grilling, or broiling, is the oldest form of cooking. It's best done with charcoal, but electric or gas grills make a pretty good job of it, too. And if grilling comes new to most of us it is because we've had nothing worth cooking under the grill for so many years. Only first-quality meat should be used for grilling, which is a quick, intense process, so that meat which is fibrous can never be satisfactorily grilled. By all means buy cheaper, tougher cuts for stewing or braising, when the fibres will be broken down by the lengthier form of cooking. Beef for grilling comes from the fillet, the rump or the sirloin. No other beef will do.

FOR a simple grilled steak choose an evenly-cut slice with a thin rim of fat. The meat should be eaten an inch and an inch-and-a-half thick. Slash the fat edge at intervals of an inch or so to prevent it from curling while cooking, but remember there must be some fat or your meat will be dry. Grease the grid of the grill with butter, olive oil or good beef dripping, brush the steak with a little fat, and place it under a pre-heated and red-hot grill. Cook for five minutes one side, then turn with cooking tongs (never with a fork, or you will pierce the sealed outside) and cook the other side similarly.

The outside will be fully sealed and dark brown, even a little charred, the inside deep red and medium-cooked. If you like your steaks well cooked, lift the steaks, remove the grid, and continue cooking for another five minutes in the well of the grid pan. Do not reduce the heat, because this will only result in a tough steak. (Continued on page 88)



"Primarily a medium of entertainment, not a means of extending compulsory education"

Demon in the Living Room

*Outside prejudice and politics,
how will commercial TV
affect the average family?*

By E. ANTHONY THOMPSON

Illustrations by WETHERBEE

A FEW years ago, I remember seeing two photographs of the New York skyline by night. The first, taken just before the evening's television programmes began, showed a glittering pattern of lighted windows; the second, taken a few minutes later, presented a rampart of almost unrelieved gloom.

In this country, too, no one who listens to the casual conversation of shoppers in a bus queue or business-men in a suburban train can doubt that television has profoundly affected the daily habits of ordinary people. Its tremendous power is still only beginning to make itself felt, but whether we welcome it or think of it as a plunge into darkness, television is here to stay; and very soon, in spite of objections and restrictions, we shall be offered at least one alternative television service.

The Television Bill has had such a stormy passage and the whole subject of commercial television has been so clouded by prejudice and politics, that anyone could be excused for picturing the future in nightmare terms. But for most people, there is only a simple practical question: "What will commercial television mean to me and my family? Will it be a dangerous new influence in our home?"

Nobody, of course, is compelled to buy a television set, nor will anybody who has one be compelled to use it for looking at commercial programmes. Doubtless television is a dangerous invention, just as the printing press and the radio were dangerous inventions, but, like them, it can certainly be a source of pleasure and enlightenment to people who use it properly. By introducing politicians into our homes, it can be an instrument of democracy or a fearsome weapon of propaganda. By opening new windows on the world and interesting viewers in foreign affairs, by beguiling them to look at painting, drama, ballet, science, a thousand things they never thought about before, television is an incomparable purveyor of education. But it is missing the point to complain, as so many busy, kindly folk have done, that a commercial service would devote only a small proportion of its time to instructive programmes.

Television is primarily a medium of entertainment, not a means of extending compulsory education. But, whatever happens, nobody has suggested abolishing the B.B.C. If commercial television provides only one weekly programme of any instructional value, there will still be one half-hour more—not less—of education each week. The cause of enlightenment can only suffer if educational programmes are so dull that viewers welcome any alternative to escape from them.

The merits of commercial television have been argued dry in the last year or so, often with only the sketchiest consideration for the facts. But a good deal of time, money and ability has already been spent in laying down the practical foundations for what is to happen. The man at the head of an organisation only waiting for the official signal to go is obviously the man best equipped to answer the question: "What will commercial television really be like?"

NORMAN COLLINS is a firm-set, quick-witted man of forty-seven. He is a well-known novelist (*London Belongs to Me*), and he has been in turn Controller of the B.B.C.'s Light Programme, Director of the General Overseas Service and Controller of B.B.C. Television—"resigned," he adds significantly. Since he left the B.B.C. in 1950, he has been quietly gathering a skeleton staff, filing the names of suitable artists and technicians, trying out experimental television programmes "on a closed circuit," making entertainment films for American television and advertising shorts for British cinemas.

He has acquired an option on Alexandra Palace, when the B.B.C. finally leave it in two years' time, and in his studios at Highbury he has developed a system of "electronic cutting" which enables him to record more than forty-five minutes of completed film a day. It is done by applying the mechanics of television to the technique of filming. Instead of taking each shot separately, the director can switch



"By introducing politicians into our homes"



"Too much jam or too much homework . . ."

from camera to camera at the touch of a button, while the actors play straight on. The results may not achieve the technical perfection of the best cinema photography, but they are at least as good as any modern television pictures.

Collins makes regular visits to the United States and is always impressed by the sheer quantity and unfailing competence of their television. "It puts our efforts into proportion," he says. "The Americans are professionals, while most of our people are still gifted amateurs. The professionals may not be particularly gifted, but in the long run they can always stay miles ahead of the amateurs."

When the proposed Independent Television Authority is set up, Collins plans to rent from it blocks of time or, if possible, the entire output of the London transmitter. He will then arrange with as many companies as possible to put on programmes, while he remains responsible for the programme planning and the production of special items to fill and balance the schedule. His own organisation will remain small and flexible, designed as a contrast to the B.B.C.'s Civil Service approach.

IN the first instance, he hopes to televise for about five hours a day and to start at the end of this year; but nothing can be settled yet. He is anxiously watching the official restrictions, which may limit the freedom of commercial television. "If the second programme turns out to be only a lame B.B.C.," he insists, "I'm having nothing to do with it. Good luck to them, though—anything's better than a monopoly."

(Continued on page 88)

wool interwoven with untarnishable multi-coloured tinsel threads

a Touch of Tinsel in a wool dress

For this dress you will need 17 (19, 21) ozs. Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Dragonfly" 2-ply tinsel wool; a No. 12 circular needle for the skirt and 1 pair of No. 12 needles for the top; a medium crochet hook; a 6-in. zip fastener; elastic for the waist and tape for the shoulders. Directions are given for a 32-in., 34-in., and 36-in. bust, the larger sizes appearing in brackets thus, 32 (34, 36). The skirt-length in each case is 30 ins. The tension should be 12 rounds to the inch on the skirt, 8½ sts. and 12 rows to the inch for the blouse, when slightly stretched widthwise.

THE SKIRT

With the circular needle cast on 496 (528, 560) sts. Join, taking care not to twist the work. Mark beginning of rounds with coloured wool. Work in rounds of k. 6, p. 2, ribbing until skirt measures 12 ins. from cast-on edge.

1st dec. round.—* k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 2, k. 6, p. 2; rep. from * to end. 465 (495, 525) sts.

Next round.—K. 5, p. 2, k. 6, p. 2; rep. from * to end. Work until skirt measures 14 ins. from cast-on edge.

2nd dec. round.—* K. 5, p. 2, k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end. Work 2 ins. in k. 5, p. 2, rib. (Always include the last dec. round when measuring.) Continue to dec. 1 st. in the centre of alternate k. ribs in the next round, and then every 2 ins. in this way until there are 310 (330, 350) sts. left, and then every 3 ins. until there are 248 (264, 280) sts. left. Work in rounds of k. 2, p. 2, rib until skirt measures 29 ins. from cast-on edge. Cast off.

THE BLOUSE (Front)

* * With two No. 12 needles cast-on 118 (126, 134) sts.

1st row.—(Right side) * P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2.

2nd row.—* K. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2. Rep. these 2 rows for pattern. Work 6 rows. Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 8th row until there are 138 (146, 154) sts. * *. Continue straight until work measures 15 (15½, 15½) ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Shape the shoulders

Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows 7 (7, 8) sts. 10 times, and 5 (8, 7) sts. twice.

Shape the neck

1st row.—K. 2 tog., work 17, turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

2nd row.—K. 2 tog., work to end.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., work to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times more. Work 1 row.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., work 2, k. 2 tog. Work 1 row.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. twice. Fasten off the 2 remaining sts. Rejoin yarn to remaining sts., cast off the centre 20 (22, 22) sts., work to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Now complete to correspond to first side, reversing the shaping.

(Continued on page 90)





*A twinset which will
wash and wash... in
a nylon yarn. The
jumper has short cap
sleeves, the cardigan
a classic golfer neck-
line and delta sleeves*

Classic Simplicity in a nylon twinset

For this twinset you will need 10 oz. Wendy Nylonette in 3-ply for the cardigan and 5 oz. of Wendy Nylonette in 2-ply for the jumper, one pair of No. 11, 12, 13 knitting needles, 11 large and 6 small buttons. Cardigan and jumper are designed to fit a 34-36-in. bust. The tension should be 12 sts. and 12-13 rows to one inch in stocking-stitch on No. 12 needles.

CARDIGAN RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 34 sts. on No. 13 needles with 3-ply wool and work 3 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to No. 12 needles and st.st. and work 2 rows.

Inc. at left (shoulder) edge on next and every following 8th row 31 times in all.

When work measures 4 ins. from beg. (12 rows—36 sts.), inc. at armhole edge at beg. of next row, then work 9 rows without shaping at this edge.

Rep. these 10 rows 8 times (102 rows—56 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge at beg. of next row, then work 5 rows without shaping at this edge. Rep. these 6 rows 8 times (156 rows—72 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge on next row, then work 2 rows without shaping at this edge. Rep. these 3 rows 7 times (180 rows—83 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge on next row, then work 1 row without shaping at this edge. Rep. these 2 rows 11 times. (204 rows—98 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge on next 2 rows, then work 1 row without shaping at this edge.

Rep. these 3 rows 7 times (228 rows—117 sts.).

Cast on 3 sts. at armhole edge on next 7 k. rows (241 rows—139 sts.).

Cast on 11 sts. at beg. of next k. row (243 rows—151 sts.). Now cont. without further shaping at either edge until work measures 26½ in.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next p. row, then take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 12 rows (127 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 28½ ins. from beg.

Cast off and work second front to match but rev. all shapings.

THE BACK

Work as for right front until completion of side and shoulder shapings. This should be 22¼ ins. Then work without shaping at either side until work measures 34¾ ins.

Now complete as for left front, rev. all shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces under damp cloth and join shoulder seams with neat back-stitching.

RIBBED BAND

Cast on 250 sts. on No. 13 needles and work in rib for ½ in.

Next row.—Rib 7, cast off 3, rib to end, casting on 3 sts. on next row above those cast off on previous row.

Make further buttonholes at intervals of 1¾ ins. (26 rows between buttonholes), 11 buttonholes (Continued on page 90)

Suit your make-up to yourself...your

BEAUTY BY...

beauty routine to your way of life

Out of town or in the midst of it

you must have your own...

Plan for Beauty



Let Chrysis plan a personal beauty routine for you. Write to her enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope at "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

What's the

Latest...

BELLE ABOUT TOWN...

WE assume that she takes her beauty seriously... that the subject engages her attention, although time and her beauty budget have limitations. The Belle about Town—not to be confused with the lady of leisure—has a job to do, a flat to run and a social round to enjoy... her beauty routine gets tucked into odd—but carefully regulated—moments in a full itinerary.

The Belle about Town is fully aware that make-up is not all. Tricks of make-up will not camouflage tired eyes, a smog-dulled complexion. An occasional early-to-bed, self pampered with supper on a tray and perhaps a favourite radio programme, is part of her beauty programme (combined with a special facial do on the night before an occasion).

A sensible diet without over-balancing into the faddish forms the basis for her beauty ritual. Then the extras...

Hair. Something smart is essential, something easy to fix at home desirable... remembering the limits on the beauty budget. Outlay on a coiffure has first consideration in the budget of any woman aiming to cut a figure above ordinary in chic. The working minimum is a light perm every four months or so, a *good* cut and style once a month. Offset this extravagance (it is an investment in poise really) in between times with home treatment and home shampoos to keep the hair gleamingly healthy in spite of town conditions.

Then complexion. Acid, dust laden air is anything but best for the skin. Town complexions, starved of pure, fresh air, will suffer if they are not fed with essential elements. Belle's cleansing, nourishing and treatment creams are all vitamin-laced... a once-a-month home facial... a once-in-a-while salon treatment. There is something admits, Belle, about a professional treatment that cannot be achieved at home.

After that it is a question of gilding the lily... of applying the new fashion trends to herself, of making them her own. This way she is always essentially herself, yet chic and à la mode.

BELLE IN THE COUNTRY...

THE girl who lives in the country starts off with one advantage... a natural, healthy milieu; one disadvantage... lack of the stimulus which keeps Belle about Town open minded about a new beauty treatment, a new colour of lipstick, a new hair fashion.

A sense of proportion is all. Zoe-eyed make-up does not accord with brogues and the point to point. But there are infinite gradations between that and the perfect, discreet make-up for a county occasion. Belle in the Country aims just above halfway, where the "casual look" is still something deliberately achieved, not the result of negligence.

Belle in the Country is fully aware that the difference between the sophisticated "casual" and the "unkempt" is, like genius, an infinite capacity for taking pains. A simple hair style needs as much care as a more *soigné* one.

Hands get more care, not less. The hands which weed the garden, brush the dogs, as well as doing their share of the chores around the house need cossetting if they are not to lose their femininity. That means attention all the time—barrier creams before, gloves during, hand cream after... and a hand treatment cream at night.

Complexion... the beauty routine aims at guarding against over-dryness, protecting against the ravages of wind and weather. She washes with oatmeal complexion soap night and morning; massages with a rich skin food at night. Only this faithful, regular care will keep at bay the ills that delicate complexions at the mercy of cold winds are heir to.

Protection is the theme of make-up. In the coldest days of winter, Yardley's English Complexion Cream makes a kind foundation for the skin... soothing, emollient. For other days, a liquid cream foundation gives a subtle make-up tuned to the right key. Not entirely oblivious to fashion, Belle in the Country modifies the current make-up trends to suit herself.

NEW theory of make-up gaining ground... the use of a "lining" between you and your foundation. Serves a double purpose of protecting the skin from make-up dryness and helping the foundation to spread easily. Try it on a wind-rough complexion and see how sound the principle is. Yardley's "Captive Beauty" (12s. 6d.) works perfectly this way. Richard Hudnut includes "Basic Dew" (6s. 9d.) specially for this purpose in his new cosmetic range.

Mayfair goes West... to Cardiff, since Raymond, famous West End hairdresser, has opened a salon at Howells, Cardiff. No longer any need to come up to London for a special-for-you hair style, because M. Raymond comes to you. A cut and style will be 2 gns., with perm 6 gns. There is also a beauty salon at your service (facial 25s., special treatment 30s.) and a children's hairdressing department under the same roof.

No need to beseech fortunate Paris-bound friends to bring back for you a precious phial of "Ma Griffe" perfume. Perfumes from the famous house of Carven have at last arrived

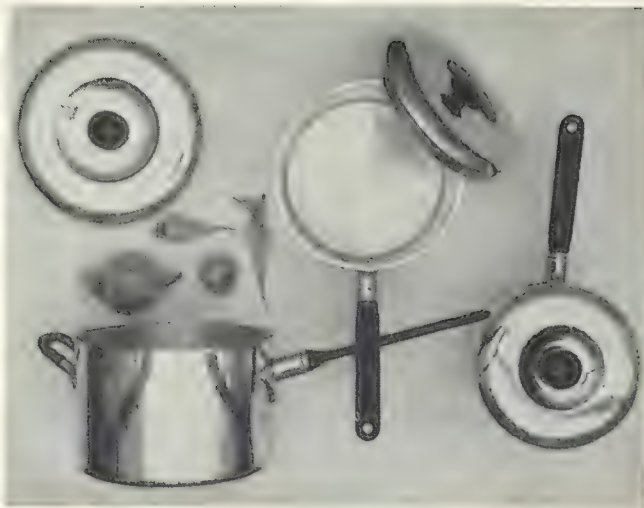


in England, "Ma Griffe" for *jeunes femmes sportives*, "Robe d'un Soir" for *les grandes soirées*. Handbag phials 24s. 9d. and 36s., larger sizes—for your Christmas present list perhaps?—up to 2 oz. £7 4s. and £9 18s.

More hair news... for women who have been waiting for a hair tint with the staying power of a dye, with the easy application of a colour rinse. It has arrived with L'Oreal's "Color-Glo." This hair colour needs no skin test, is applied like a shampoo, gives colour subtle or strong as required, will not come off and withstands repeated shampoos for six to eight weeks. For the time being, obtainable only at hairdressing salons, but it will be coming along for home use later. If yours is the kind of hair that won't stay put, particularly after a home shampoo, try Max Factor's "Top Secret" (10s. 6d.). It is a mist-fine spray—not a lacquer—that holds the hair invisibly in place.

TOPICAL FOOTNOTE... medical research has indicated that Vitamin K and nicotinic acid are helpful in the treatment of chilblains. If you are a seasonal victim, try "Pernivit" (fifty for 3s.) containing both these substances, as soon as the chilblains start.

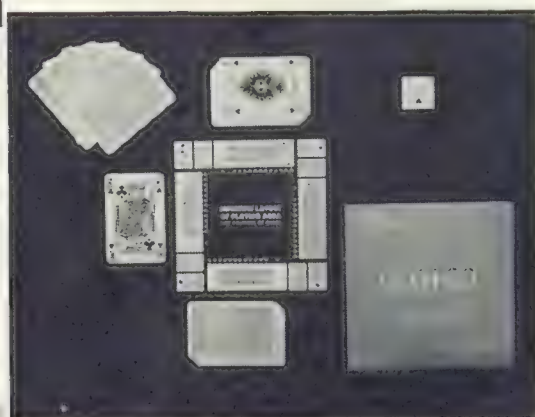
Shopping for You...



WHERE to put the saucepan lids, is a question answered by these Pyramid saucepans with lids which won't fall off, while still allowing air to circulate through the pan when it is out of use. This means you can hang the saucepans in tidy rows on kitchen dresser or wall fitting, with the lids always in position. Prices for the saucepan and lid range from 11s. 3d. for the 5½ inch size to 22s. 6d. for the 8¾ inch size, from Harrods of Knightsbridge, postage extra, except within the London postal area.



THE secret of drying out wet shoes without harming the leather is to circulate warm air inside the shoes. This is the principle of the Ronning electric shoe drier and arier above. Shoes can be dried out overnight ready to put on again in the morning. The driers use a negligible amount of current and carry a year's guarantee. Price £1 16s. 8d., postage 1s. 6d., from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.1. To be noted by sportswomen. They are invaluable for drying out riding boots, for instance.



INTRODUCING Calypso... the latest craze in card games. Calypso is not all luck; there is scope for talent, at any rate sufficient to enable the winners to allude to it, while the losers can always take refuge in the bad card holder theory. Basic rules are simple and can be mastered in five minutes. But for those who look for the finer points of the game, there is a little book, *How To Play Calypso*, by Kenneth Konstam, published by Hodder and Stoughton. The Calypso set itself is price 25s. plus postage from Selfridges, the book, price 2s. 6d. from Smiths' bookstalls.



SHOULD you intend trying your hand at re-papering the sitting-room walls, try Polycell, a new cellulose adhesive which will not stain the paper, so that even amateurish joins will be invisible. Price 2s. 4d. plus postage, from Selfridges. (Right) an occasional table which can be pressed into service as an extra seat. Metal framed, in green or gold enamel, with bird's-eye maple or natural oak veneer top and hardwood legs, price 2 gns. from Gerald Summers Designs, 7 Scotswood Street, London, E.C.1.



Indoor games are more exciting

When they're played by Osram lighting!



Osram lamps bring a two-fold blessing into your house. Firstly, their bright yet kindly glow saves your precious eyesight. Secondly, good lighting cheers everybody up. Put Osram lamps everywhere. Osram are the people who have been making lamps for over 50 years. Let Osram be the light of your life!

Osram
THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Pineapple Dream Cake



—Made with
creamy golden
Stork Margarine!

Can you make cakes like these—rich, luscious, mouth-watering? You can now—with Stork Margarine and the recipes below. Stork for the cake mixtures—it creams so easily. Stork for the soft, creamy icings—ready in just a few minutes!

8 ozs. (8 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour • Pinch of salt
8 ozs. Stork Margarine • 8 ozs. castor sugar • 4 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pineapple (or lemon) flavouring
Pineapple Stork Icing (see recipe), halves of pineapple rings,
glacé cherries and angelica to decorate

Sieve flour and salt together. Thoroughly cream the Stork and sugar together and beat in eggs one at a time, adding a little sieved flour with each. Beat in flavouring and fold in flour. Divide equally between two greased eight-inch sandwich tins, with a round of greaseproof paper in each and bake for 30-40 minutes, side by side on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.). Cool, and sandwich together with Pineapple Stork Icing. Coat with remaining icing, mark with a fork to decorate and finish decorating with pineapple rings cut in halves, with halves of glacé cherries and angelica "leaves" in the hollows, as illustrated.

* CUT OUT THESE RECIPES AND KEEP THEM—
THERE'LL BE LOTS MORE TO FOLLOW

Stork Icing

4½ ozs. Stork Margarine
12 ozs. icing sugar
4½ dessertspoons pineapple juice from tin
3 pineapple rings cut in small pieces

Cream half the sieved icing sugar and the Stork together until light and fluffy. Add the remaining icing sugar and juice and beat thoroughly until light and smooth, then stir in the cut-up pineapple. Fill and ice the cake as directed above.

Chocolate Party Cake



8 ozs. (8 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour
Pinch of salt • 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa • 4 tablespoons hot water
8 ozs. Stork Margarine • 10 ozs. (10 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar
4 eggs • 2 tablespoons milk
Vanilla and Chocolate Stork Icing (see recipe) and blanched almonds
and mimosa balls to decorate

Stork Icing

4½ ozs. Stork Margarine
12 ozs. icing sugar
4½ dessertspoons of milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla or orange essence
2 rounded dessertspoons of cocoa

Cream half the sieved icing sugar and Stork together, until light and fluffy, beat in thoroughly the remaining icing sugar, milk and vanilla essence. Fill cake. Now blend sieved cocoa into a paste with a little hot water and beat this mixture into the remaining icing, and ice as directed.

Sieve flour and salt together. Blend the cocoa smoothly with the hot water and cool. Cream the Stork and sugar together until light and fluffy; beat in eggs one at a time alternately with cocoa mixture. Fold in sieved flour and milk and divide the mixture equally between two eight-inch greased sandwich tins, with a round of greaseproof paper in each. Bake for 30-40 minutes, side by side, on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.). Cool.

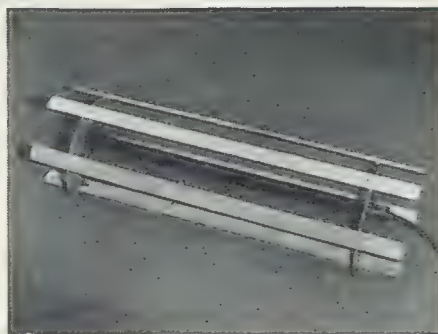
Cut open, fill with vanilla-flavoured Stork Icing and sandwich together, then spread the top of one with a third layer of Vanilla Stork Icing and press the other sandwich on top. Coat with Chocolate Stork Icing. Pat all round the sides with knife, pulling out in points to roughen. With point of knife make deep circles in icing on top. Decorate with blanched almonds and mimosa balls.

Stork Margarine
Cookery Service
9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1



Shopping for You...

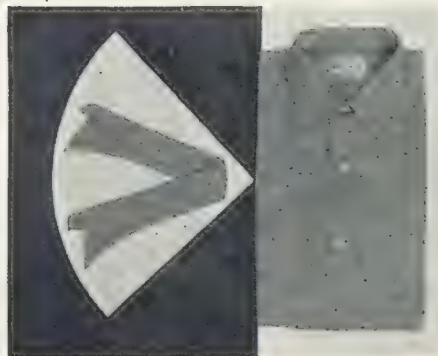
HUTCHINSONS, tuned to the times, have launched a new series of books "On A Small Income" which provide the economic solution to a range of activities. Of the titles already issued, we noticed *Riding* by R. S. Summerhays, *Sailing* by Maurice Griffiths, *Gardening* by Miles Hadfield and *Furnishing* by Dennis Young. The books are illustrated and cost 2s. 6d. or 5s. with more durable covers, from all Smith's Bookstalls.



THE G.E.C. bedwarmer (above) can serve so many useful purposes in the house. It is ideal for bed warming and airing as it allows a circulation of warm air around the mattress. Ancillary use—to convert a cupboard into an airing cupboard, with no danger from clothes scorching. Price £4 19s. 6d. (Left): A set of platter and six plates in Italian pottery perfect for the informal fork supper, each set unique. Price £4 16s. from Whiteley, Ltd., Queensway, London, W.1.



PROBLEM of the boy who grows out of his clothes—solved by the Plusmore Granite shirt, which is designed to allow for growing. It comes with an extra collar, a size larger than the shirt size itself, extra buttons and patching material. When the shirt begins to get too small, it is an easy job to take off the old collar and put on the new, larger one. Obtainable from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Prices range from 23s. 6d. for the size 3, to 29s. 6d. for size 8, postage extra.



MORLEY LTD., the stocking manufacturer, has produced a nylon stocking wash and "life preserver". It is made of ingredients up to now used only in the factory to provide an anti-snap finish on Morley's new stockings. A teaspoonful in one pint of warm water will cleanse and preserve two pairs of nylons. "Nymor" is 1s. 9d. a bottle, obtainable from Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W.1., postage extra.

Service of the month. For test feeding, quite apart from keeping a check on the infant's progress by weight, baby scales are invaluable where there is a new baby in the house. Buying outright is usually out of the question, but scales can be hired through Mellin's Baby Scale Hire Service, 102 Naylor Road, London, S.E.15. Charges for the London Postal Area are 25s. for the first three months, 17s. 6d. for each subsequent quarter. Longer distances are up to 37s. 6d. the first quarter, 17s. 6d. for each further period of three months.



A Small Thing To Ask *(Continued from page 12)*

accepted cure for a harassed mind but the ensuing rest had been what she needed. She looked at her husband affectionately but otherwise dispassionately. There he sat on the edge of her bed, a large, kind, brilliant man. The only man she could love completely.

Yet what a problem he could be. How he tormented, tortured her at times. How she sometimes hated him and yet she realized that it was not his fault. He was just being his natural, honest self, behaving according to his rigid standards. It was her reaction to him that was to blame for all those countless, endless scenes. She knew, and she always had known, that she could never change him, never convince him of any of her ideas and convictions by a direct approach.

James had come from a pleasant normal family. From childhood he had been a cuckoo in the nest. His family's life and standards were not for him. All the values that were important to him he had found out for himself and taught himself. He had been no easy taskmaster. His standards were measured by perfection. This self-training had made him defiant, self-reliant and somewhat scornful of all ordinary folk.

He did not talk easily with strangers and therefore valued his words, the symbols of intimacy, more than most men. Conversation for him and with him was hard. His understanding of his fellow men was based on an intuitive genius. He believed in kindness but his subconscious scorn was often painfully evident. He tolerantly accepted that all men were imperfect but not that they lied to themselves, and others, about these imperfections. He idolized honesty.

Madeleine smiled to herself as the word honesty came to her mind. Honesty, how large it loomed in their lives. Sometimes the word lost all meaning for her and was simply a cue for antagonism, an elegant red flag that her husband waved in front of her nose.

If the unflinching recognition of truth was so important to James, well let it be. He was convinced he was right. Why argue about it?

She herself felt that James was out of touch with reality. Truth, or honesty, was important but the truth was that in this non-Utopian world man could find little inspiration or comfort in the real state of affairs whether they concerned himself or humanity as a whole. In dealing with people kindness was more important than honesty, and in dealing with oneself unselfishness was more important than self-appraisal.

She had tried once or twice to explain the tussle to her mother and had drawn a complete blank. The old lady had a nimble, quick mind but it never concerned itself with abstract arguments. Husbands and wives argued about other men and women, or about extravagances, material thoughtlessness or what the neighbours might say, but they did not argue about words. Her mother was simple and yet, she too was difficult, so difficult. Where was her mother?

"James," she asked, "Where's mother?"

"At home."

"Isn't it odd that she has not been here?"

"Not really. You see I spoke to her. But I had rather tell you about it when you are better and can really listen to me."

Madeleine felt her hackles rise. Her first impulse was to say, "Mr. Straitson, stop being a pompous prig. I'm your wife, not a student listening to a professor. Why don't you just talk?" But that would never do. James could not "just talk." He was James and she would have to learn to take him as he was. Anyway, why shouldn't he talk that way if he wanted to? Madeleine struggled to look outwardly composed while calling herself every sort of a fool.

"You've got that look again, Mady." James seemed, not irritated, but deeply hurt. "You are disagreeing with me before I have even started. What is the matter with you? Must you always assert yourself?" Damn James. Did he have to pick up every single expression?

"Darling, darling, I'm not trying to assert myself." But it was never said for the crisp, white nursing sister had just come

in with another of her tempting trays.

Sister thought it was a lovely day, almost spring-like. And wasn't Mrs. Straitson looking well? If she and the weather progressed like this in a short time a little walk might be indicated. No time like spring in England. And all the shops were already stocking summer clothes. But frankly how women could think of wearing some of those hats! And the prices!

James and Madeleine looked at each other and were warmed by their mutual enjoyment of professional cheerfulness. They had so much in common. Why, oh why, thought both of them, all these needless squabbles. If only he would listen to me. If only she would listen to me. Though neither was aware of it they were holding hands.

That evening James had to attend an R.A. dinner and Madeleine had a session with herself. She was worried about her mother; worried about what James might have said to her; annoyed and somewhat grieved that her mother had not come in spite of anything that James might have said. After all concussion is quite a serious thing. It might have been a fractured skull. Perhaps it was a fractured skull. Patients are not always told the truth. Any proper mother would have been with her daughter. Madeleine began to feel sorry for herself.

SUDDENLY she laughed. Self-pity was so Senjoyable. She had watched her mother reveling in it so often that she herself was unable to indulge without recognizing all the symptoms. She could not give herself the same sympathy and understanding that she gave her mother. Just as well for then she would not irritate herself so much either.

Her mother was a darling, a professional darling. It was a part she played, how well she played it! And so consistently that it was almost impossible to put one's finger on the artificiality or dramatization. Once she had devoted her time, her thoughts, her actions, to the welfare of her husband and only daughter. When the husband had died all the attention, all the care, all the sacrifice, were given to the child. In return she demanded recognition of her devotion. As she grew older she had used it more and more mercilessly and blatantly in a form of moral blackmail.

Madeleine knew that her mother had done everything possible for her physical, intellectual, social development. There had been the best schools, the prettiest clothes, Continental tours, open house to all the right people, etc., etc. Madeleine had enjoyed these things and she knew that providing them had meant personal sacrifice for her mother. Madeleine was genuinely grateful and firmly convinced that it was now up to her to give the older woman the attention and appreciation that she needed. She felt a pig to resent her mother's constant demands. They were never big and yet they were so all-embracing.

What could she do about it? James resented his mother-in-law because he loved his wife. Mrs. Blare was anathema to him. Very well . . . a husband was more important than a mother. Besides she knew that her own emotions concerning her mother were involved and inconsistent. Her husband's emotions were never involved and inconsistent. She would rely upon him, and what was more, show him that she relied upon him. That would make all the difference.

Feeling that the matter was settled once and for all, she fell asleep. She was still sleeping when James tip-toed into her room. He looked at her and smiled. They had been married a number of years and she was no longer very young but she slept curled up like a child. She was unconsciously graceful, unconsciously child-like. It was very attractive, he thought. But he had never painted her for all his painting was honest and he did not want others to see his wife as he saw her. Some things one did not share.

Yes, she was still very young and she would probably always remain somewhat immature.

She was both intelligent and gifted. She might have made a career of music or even of writing but these things were not important

to her. In fact she had no personal ambitions of any kind except to please those about her. It was this simple desire to please that made her seem so childish and that so often irritated him. He felt that she should have more personal pride, that her aims should be higher. Though Madeleine agreed with him verbally it never made any difference to her basic attitude. James felt that he had reached a brick wall.

As he stood there watching her sleep he suddenly realized that it did not really matter. Even though he was right he would not be able to change her and he loved her dearly as she was. If he gave up the useless struggle both would be much happier. He would not nag her again. Gently he bent and kissed her. In her sleep she turned her face towards him and groped for his hand.

The following day he worked hard, easily and happily. His mind had a surfeit of contentment that seemed to flow into his brush. The hours merged into a spasm of creativeness. Finally he stood back and thought: This is good. This is almost great. It is not suffering that allows an artist to create; it is an inner peace. I have finally learned my great lesson. Only my own attitude can give me that inner peace. No one else is responsible for it. No one else. Wife, do you hear? And he sat down, lit a cigarette and contemplated his achievement both in himself and on the canvas.

And then, as if in answer to his thoughts, Madeleine came in, sat down on the floor in front of him, and resting her back against his knees, studied the new painting.

"Oh, darling," was all she said.

"Like it?"

"Mmmm," she nodded.

"I could always paint like this, sweetheart, if I always had this peace. You see worries, fighting, bickering, are like obstacles, high walls that I must climb or push through before I can get at my work. With peace and harmony there is nothing in the way. I can go straight ahead."

"I understand."

"More important than my work is our love, our deep understanding of each other. Our love could exist without my painting but my painting, good painting, could not exist without our love."

MADY looked up at him and he bent down and kissed her. "And what are you doing down here? I thought Sister said you were not to leave your room for another few days."

"Sister's out attending to her laundry and gathering more cheerful titbits to brighten teatime. It was just an irresistible urge to see you. I'm all the better for it. Sister might as well leave at the end of the week. She was wonderful when she was needed. But now it's a bore having a strange person around the house."

"Any strange person?" James asked with a smile.

"Now you're being a beast again but the answer is any strange person. Jim, what did you say and do to mother?"

"I told her that you needed absolute rest and quiet and that only a trained nurse could ensure that you got these. She did not like that and hung up in a huff. Mady, please, for the sake of all that's good and holy, realize that this is your one big opportunity to escape from her tyranny. She has bound you, tied you and very nearly hanged you in the ropes of that infernal gratitude that she believes is her due simply for doing what any and every normal mother does for her child. She will not listen to reason. Very well, talk to her in her own language. You were ill. Just because she did not like what I said to her she stayed away. Not because she knew that what I said was right but because her own sweet feelings were offended. She let you down for her own selfish reasons. Now it's up to you to be vulgar, be low, rub her nose in it. Make her realize that she is not the perfect little angel she tries to play."

"It may take some time to believe it yourself but you are a free and independent individual and you owe your mother no more than any other *(Continued on page 66)*

*it's warmer
inside
the sheepskin
inside*



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grey suede, 69/6



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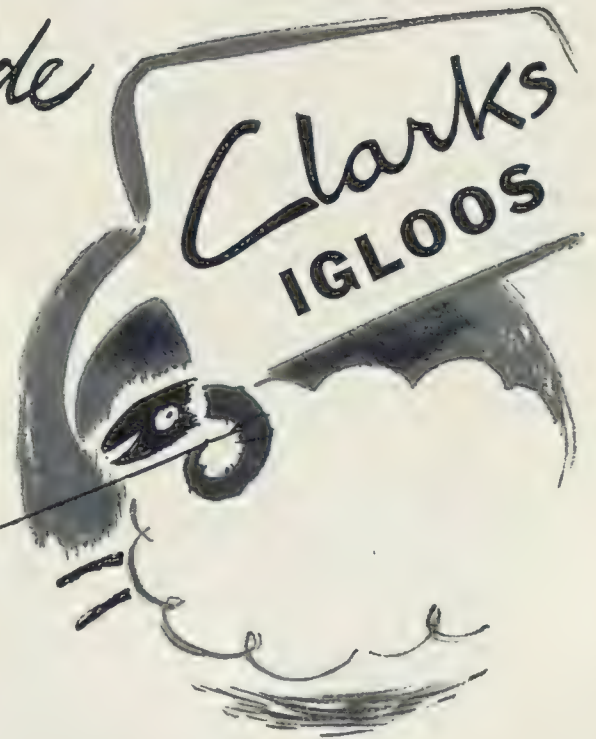
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daughter does. You are not her slave. If you are going to be anyone's slave it's going to be mine. Will you get that into your stubborn skull, Mrs. Straitson?"

"Okay, Master. I think you're wonderful, you big bully, you. But, just as a matter of interest, what's the next step?"

"The next step is that you get back to your room. This has been enough of a jaunt for one day. Next week, and not before, you will telephone your mother and see how she is. And remember she let you down. Understand?"

"Ay, ay, Sir." Big, masterful men were rather nice, especially when they loved you. She thought of her mother and smiled. A firm stand would not hurt her, not really. Mrs. Blare would make believe she was hurt. She would play the rôle of the injured, helpless old lady to the hilt and thoroughly enjoy it. James was right. This was the only way they would ever have any freedom and harmony. It was all rather silly.

DURING the next few days spring poured itself over the country. It oozed out of trees and bushes and the throats of birds. Madeleine sat in the garden and drank it in. Life was good.

On Friday the Nursing Sister left. She was a most admirable nursing sister but James and Madeleine opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate her departure. Saturday and Sunday they drove into the country. They gathered pussy willows and had a picnic tea and life was very good indeed.

Monday morning it rained. Madeleine was not sorry for it was an ideal day to go through the house and check up on all the things that had been left unattended during her illness. At eleven, feeling childishly nervous, she telephoned her mother. There was no reply. She tried again at eleven thirty. Still no reply. She decided to wait until the afternoon.

They had their tea in the studio in front of a fire. It was cosy, warm and relaxing. Madeleine felt at peace with the world. Even her mother would be reasonable, she thought, and so she tried the telephone again. Mrs. Blare answered almost immediately.

"My dear, how wonderful to hear your voice again. It was naughty of you not to ring before but I fully realized there were other things on your mind apart from me. Divided loyalties are so difficult, aren't they? Anyway, I knew exactly how you were every day because Dr. Starkie was such a darling. He is the sweetest man. To think of him bothering about an old lady like me! But the first day I telephoned him and asked whether I could come and talk to him about you. . . ." Madeleine could hardly believe her ears. "He said, why of course, and when I explained about my poor leg he said I should not bother and that it was no trouble at all for him to drop in and see me."

"What is the matter with your leg?" Madeleine interrupted.

"Why, you know perfectly well I've always had a poor leg. I do not talk about it much. Why should I inflict my complaints on others? As one gets older one naturally gets things like that. It's only to be expected." Madeleine closed her eyes. The voice went on.

"ANYWAY, he came and was absolutely charming and stayed and had a cup of tea. After that he came almost every day and had a little chat. I don't think his home life is too happy. Not that he said anything, of course. Why is it that the right men always marry the wrong women? He is the type to appreciate a little sympathy and comfort even if it is from someone old enough to be his mother. But of course the most important thing was to find out how you were progressing. You were so naughty to go out that evening. I told you not to. I know all mothers have a tendency to overlook that their children ever grow up. Even so it would be nice if you listened to me sometimes. However, least said soonest mended and all's well that ends well.

"Oh, Madeleine, isn't it terrible when one starts talking in clichés? I can't tell you how I'm looking forward to seeing you now that you're well enough to get about. I'm certain that James was quite right from his point of

view but never the less I feel I really could not set foot in his house until he alters his attitude. You do understand, don't you? I had so dreamed that when you got married things would be different. They are not and I shan't complain. Your happiness is the only thing that matters, that ever has mattered."

MADELEINE had punctuated her mother's conversation with Yes and Oh and Mmmm. Now they both sighed and Mrs. Blare continued. "By the way, I must tell you about Dr. Starkie's incredible thoughtfulness. Until today he has regularly dropped his *Times* in the letterbox for me. This morning he actually apologized when explaining that he has cancelled his order; he says he never has time to look at it himself. Wasn't it sweet of him? And don't you worry about it any more either. Those puzzles have caused quite enough trouble, haven't they? I have sworn never to do another. And tell me are you feeling quite yourself again, dear?"

"Better than ever," Madeleine replied as she watched the steady spring rain roll down the window-pane. "I'll be round to see you very soon." She was not certain what she meant by those words. She often spoke to her mother without thinking about what she said. It seemed the best way to carry on a conversation.

"Good. But not tonight, dear. Not in this

A Small Thing To Ask

weather. But soon. And don't worry about *The Times*; I would not do the puzzle even if it were here. It will be wonderful to see you. Good night and do take care of yourself. Good night. And as I said before don't worry about me. Good night again." And the telephone went click.

Madeleine looked at the dripping window-pane, then at *The Times* lying on the table next to the telephone. Slowly she went to the hall cupboard, took out her wellingtons and macintosh. She went to the desk in her room, carefully and slowly wrote a short note and addressed an envelope. She tied a scarf round her head and went to the studio.

"I'm going out to post a letter. I will be back in a minute."

James called, "Madeleine." "Madeleine," he shouted. But she went out as if she had never heard him. He flung his cigarette into the fire and watched it glow red and then disappear. He sat and watched the flames.

He was still sitting there when she returned. Wearing the dripping raincoat she stood in front of him.

"I've just posted a year's subscription to *The Times*. To be sent direct to my mother." Then for no apparent reason she placed her wet self on his lap and had a good cry. And he did not seem to mind getting wet.

END

Putting A Patina On It

(Continued from page 48)

water, one teaspoon of real turpentine and one tablespoon of vinegar, preferably white. Apply this with a cloth and finish with a dry, soft duster.

Serious damage to polished surfaces—from, say, hot plates—is best left to an expert to deal with from the beginning. For the trouble about many "home hints" is that, although they may be effective, if they are not they may make it much more difficult or even impossible for the expert to repair the damage later. But small dents in timber surfaces can often be removed quite easily at home. Damp the dented part with warm water and cover the place with several thicknesses of brown paper soaked in warm water. Apply a warm—not hot—iron until the moisture has evaporated and repeat the process if necessary until the dent has disappeared.

Just because wood is a living material it is constantly "moving," contracting and expanding according to the humidity of the atmosphere. The slightest damp, for example, may make a well-fitting drawer swell and stick. And to stand a piece of furniture in front of a radiator is just asking for trouble unless you happen to live in America where timber is especially seasoned to withstand the central heating usual there. Very often conditions like these are the cause of defects too lightly blamed on faulty workmanship.

Woodworm is on the increase, so it is just as well to check over the furniture from time to time to see that you are not harbouring this particular menace. Look for the characteristic tell-tale holes in ALL the woodwork, not only the most prized of furniture, because woodworm in a "junk" trophy might become the source of infection of a really valuable piece, elsewhere. The minute flying insect, *Anobium punctatum*, which causes the trouble, instinctively selects the protected nooks and hidden surfaces which don't receive a regular polishing and dusting, to lay its eggs. When the eggs hatch, the grub eats into the wood and stays there, feeding on your precious Chippendale mahogany or whatever, for nearly three years, before it emerges as an adult, ready to start the cycle all over again.

Treatment consists of attacking the woodworm with an insecticide of an oily type that will not harm the timber. This should not only be applied to the surface, but it must

also be injected into the worm holes so that it penetrates as deeply as possible. There is a small flexible plastic injector made specially for the job.

One important point about woodworm. It is not a seasonal menace in the same sense that moth in upholstery is. In actual practice, the adult woodworm fly will be more likely to emerge when the weather is warm, rather than in the cold weather, but the life cycle is not a yearly one, but a thirty-three monthly one. Woodworm should be dealt with, therefore, whenever it is discovered, and immediately. If you are in any doubts about it, you can consult the Woodworm and Dry Rot Centre at 23, Bedford Square, W.C.1, who will be able to tell you whether your furniture has in fact got woodworm, and what measures to take to combat it.

Many people polish leather and imitation leather furniture with ordinary furniture creams. In fact, the best thing is to "wash" it with a damp cloth and soda-free soap, rinse with another damp cloth and "polish" with a clean duster.

Moth is the great enemy of upholstered furniture. But if you remember that moth can thrive only where there is dirt you won't go far wrong. A particular danger spot is down the side of the chair where crumbs and particles of dirt inevitably collect unless special care is taken. If possible upholstery should be regularly cleaned with a vacuum cleaner. And be sure that you get right down between seat, sides and back with the appropriate attachment. Failing a vacuum cleaner use a special upholstery brush—shaped so that it gets thoroughly at every part. Sprung cushions, too, should be vacuumed or brushed. Soft down-filled cushions, on the other hand, should only be brushed or very lightly beaten.

Just as it is unwise to tamper with damage to polished surfaces, it may be dangerous to meddle with serious stains on upholstery fabrics, beyond trying the effect of plain warm water which cannot do any harm and may prevent the stain becoming fixed permanently. It's better to seek professional advice as soon as possible since using the wrong type of solvent may prevent proper treatment later and may even cause severe damage to the fabric through a chemical reaction between the two solvents used.

END

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Holland's courage, then, that at midday he climbed to the top floor to face his most valuable assistant, reassuring himself on the way. She had a big, bright, airy room for her poor lambs, with great windows open to the sunlight and only three beds yet occupied.

At the door of that he was met by a very trim figure in blue stripe and starched white, with a dainty cap on the tawny curls. She shook down a thermometer, barring his way.

"I do hope you have *had it*, Mr. Holland?" said Nurse Croft with firm inquiry in bright blue eyes. "Otherwise. . ."

With an assurance on that point he was allowed inside. There three flushed but grinning faces popped up in a row.

"We're having a smashing time with Nurse, sir!"

Mr. Holland managed a fatherly smile and then felt very self-conscious about that.

"If there is anything you need, Nurse," he said rather formally.

"A shade to every window, please, Mr. Holland," said Nurse promptly. "The eyes are most important in measles. Some sort of curtains, perhaps?"

Mr. Holland's smile faded. Textiles were up again, or was it down at last? He looked around six great windows, doing a quick calculation in yards and shillings at a conservative estimate. Fortunately Matron popped out of the bathroom with the answer.

"Those old blinds we used for black-out," she said, sweeping extravagance aside very tartly indeed. "They're in the loft. Mr. Sindall will climb up."

Mr. Holland went down the stairs again with a misgiving he had never given a thought to. Tom Sindall, his handsome young games master, was an exhibitionist with acrobatic tricks. That girl was decidedly pretty. But Matron was a watchdog and would stand no nonsense of that sort. She would keep the girl hard at work.

HE wasn't quite correct about that. Within half an hour Nurse was facing him across his study desk with a lengthy list for the chemist.

"We shall want the exclusive use of the top-floor bathroom, please, Mr. Holland. And a trolley?"

Mr. Holland shook his head firmly.

"There isn't such a thing in the place, I'm afraid."

But Nurse was pouncing to the corner, where a contraption on wheels had proved very useful as a paper dump and now supported a mountain of it.

"The very thing!" she said, heaving that up for a better look. "Phew! Terribly dusty, isn't it? Mr. Sindall will carry that up for me, I'm sure. If, that is, I may have it?"

And Nurse had a very charming smile on tap.

"Oh certainly, Nurse, certainly!" said Mr. Holland to get rid of her.

On his way in to afternoon school he was intercepted on the first landing.

"Sheets, Mr. Holland," said Nurse, conducting him at speed to the linen room. "Two pairs to each boy but not all in good condition, so Matron tells me. That may be enough for ordinary use, top to bottom and one clean one a fortnight, but in a case of illness . . . and sides to middle can make such a ridge, can't they?"

At the shelves Mr. Holland put up a fight, bringing his own charming smile against all textiles, with questionable results on his grammar.

"We won't expect to maintain hospital standard, shall we?"

But Nurse was pouncing to the smaller cupboard.

"Now what, I wonder, is all this hidden away?"

That turned out to be a haul of good quality linen, suspected of being the headmaster's private hoard.

After tea the girl cornered him in the library to lodge a complaint.

"Sundry boys," said Nurse impressively, "have been snooping in the passage outside

my ward. We don't want to add to our numbers. If you could issue an edict, perhaps?"

It was pure contrariness that made Mr. Holland make a stand.

"Most of the boys," he pointed out reasonably, "have had the complaint as they will tell you if you ask them."

Nurse's own contrariness rose visibly.

"Can I rely on their answers? In any case, I've hardly the time to waste. . ."

"Very well, Nurse. I will deal with snoopers."

THAT evening Mr. Holland was a very worried man. He had asked for trouble and got a load of it. Now Matron would be up in arms at having things taken out of her hands. She might even pack her trunk. And the best way to forestall that would be to admit his folly outright and seek her sympathy on his own account.

So he made for Matron's own sanctum, which had been their very first little bone of contention. Matron had refused point blank to have it redecorated. It still contained the rummage of years in the way of old sofas and what-nots, and was the only homely room left in the house, a cosy place for any small boy who wanted mothering.

He found Matron alone, overhauling pillow-slips at the table. He lowered himself to a capacious old chair with the sigh of a man who has had just about enough.

Matron looked round at him, beaming.

"Well now, Mr. Holland," she said. "You struck lucky that time, I must say. Only twenty-two, she tells me, but capable as thirty and considerate with it. We're going to share night duty between us, hoping it won't be necessary after the first few days. Not many hospital nurses would do night after being on all day, I can tell you! Now if we could have a dozen new towels. . ."

So poor Mr. Holland went downstairs again with some very hard thoughts about women in general. Would a man ever know where he stood with the creatures?

AN academic type has one big advantage over the practical man. He can bury himself in his work. Mr. Holland did that at once and the evening went by until the big house subsided into silence. Summer night had fallen when he stretched, yawned, pushed papers from him, and slung a handful to the unsightly mound in the corner. Then it all came back to trouble him.

As he mounted the stairs to bed he was aware of a lamp still burning above. With a sudden vague idea of duty to those in his charge he climbed doggedly up the second flight, meeting a not unpleasant odour of disinfectant. Along the top landing were vases of flowers in a neat row. But the thing that pulled him up was a trolley scrubbed white. On it stood bottles, receptacles, instruments and unguessable gadgets.

A little awed, he went on to the door ahead.

Now to one who is responsible for the health of others there is, perhaps, nothing quite so uplifting as to find that he has passed the burden into really capable hands. There, at the table, under a shaded lamp, sat the Guardian Angel, with a white halo and a pen for recording purposes. . .

But she had seen him and was coming out on silent feet.

"All asleep at the moment," she whispered, smiling.

Rather light-heartedly Mr. Holland walked back with her as far as the flowers and drew up under the lamp. There the halo sat on curls of spun gold, the blue eyes were ethereal, and her lips. . .

Catching at reality, Mr. Holland switched his gaze to the trolley and spoke very ill-advisedly indeed.

"You know, Nurse, there wasn't anything like all this fuss about measles when I had it."

"That," said Nurse with a mischievous smile, "might possibly account for the spectacles. Good night, Mr. Holland!"

Then she was flitting back.

In his own room a very unsteady headmaster snapped the case on his horn rims. Never, never again, he vowed, would he step up those stairs in the witching hours of night. And very seldom during the day. That girl was right down dangerous!

But, thank heaven, she was right on top of her job. . .

CHILDREN'S ailments follow a regular pattern, a nightmare of worry till the thing is diagnosed, then upheaval and expense till it is organized. After that women get down to routine.

Mr. Holland, being now a very wary man, left them to it and gave himself to the final cramming of his scholarship boys. But slowly it dawned on him that that girl's high-handed methods were making an excellent impression on other people.

There was the gloomy old doctor.

"That seems to be the first batch and we needn't expect any more for a week or more. You were lucky in getting that nurse. Hang on to her like grim death if you can, though if she is called to an urgent case you'll be unlucky."

"I'll hang on," said Mr. Holland grimly, and lived in dread of the telephone, for high-handedness is always better than no hands at all.

Then there was Matron, beaming over the luxury of a tray of tea brought to her room with a tiny vase of flowers on it.

"A clever girl, too," she said. "You might do worse than ask her to fill my place next term. You'd be two to a pair with your managing ways."

Mr. Holland blenched at the very idea.

"She's too young," he said. "Far too young. Besides, she'd never consider it."

"Well," said Matron with a look in her eye, "that would depend a great deal, Mr. Holland, on the way you put it to her."

He thought over the suggestion and came to a quick conclusion. A hospital nurse, he reflected, has a *vocation*. Apart from epidemics there would be little real nursing in a school. Cuts and bruises, sniffing colds. A highly trained girl would never stoop to it.

But there he wasn't quite correct, either. As routine became well established the girl had time on her hands and went prowling about the place. She spotted sundry cases of dirty rag, marched those straight off to the first-aid room for professional dressing, and doled out sweets as reward. With adults her bargaining worked the other way. The senior master got a bottle of eye lotion in exchange for a detective story to read to her patients. The gardener got embrocation in return for flowers. There was sticking plaster for the postman and one couldn't help wondering what he had brought in his bag. Even if there was nothing in that, what about that young cub Tom Sindall? He had a noisy red roadster in which he gave the girl runs to the village if not farther for the mere pleasure of it. So in any case it was the same conclusion. A pretty girl as a permanency wouldn't do at all.

THE scholarship class reached its appointed end. One morning hopeful candidates set off to the city for the first of three days ordeal. That left Mr. Holland somewhat at a loose end, for the rest of the school was settling to term exams. He put in time with end of term reports and brought correspondence up to date. He sent off some cheques. He felt better for that and wandered outside, taking an overdue interest in cricket practice and the flower-gardens. From the outer limits of his domain he took a long view of his lovely old house and the future. There was the west wing, half a dozen rooms still shut up. In the long vacation he could open that up, furnish it with bachelor comfort, and have a snug retreat to which staff could not penetrate. Ahead was an ideal life if he ever weathered finance . . . and the domestic side.

It was on Mr. Holland's second slack day that Tom Sindall (Continued on page 71)



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intimated his decision not to return next term.

That afternoon Mr. Holland, apart from a middle-aged twinge, was in more confident mood. With that young cub out of the way the average age of the staff would be around forty and younger blood was needed. That girl was capable enough. It might be worth sounding her.

So Mr. Holland mounted to the top floor. The big, airy room was bright once more with sunshine streaming in.

When Nurse came in it was to find a very human headmaster, which created a favourable atmosphere right away.

"You have been quite splendid, Nurse," he said. "Have you any definite ambition of your own?"

"To be matron of a children's hospital," said Nurse in her prompt way.

"Er . . . excellent!" said Mr. Holland.

Back at his desk he added it all up. Evidently there was no man in her life. She couldn't reach such a high pinnacle for a very long time yet and would need to put in years in a subsidiary position in hospital. She might be tempted to take on a lesser job in which she would have full responsibility.

He set to work at once to prepare a little speech on those lines. But he had no opportunity to deliver it that evening. And next morning there was a deplorable incident.

THE candidates were leaving for their last day in the city. So far, by their own modest account, they had done well enough, and as they took the day's fare money and final words of advice from the headmaster they were determined to let nothing stand in the way of success.

Mr. Holland handed his own clean folded handkerchief to Galsworthy.

"Take mine as a spare and *not a word to anybody*," he said, dismissing them with a conspiratorial wink. "And *keep your distance*."

But on the threshold stood Nurse, who stepped aside with her friendly smile to let them pass out and wished them luck. And Galsworthy barked, into the handkerchief.

Nurse's fine eyebrows went up.

"That boy . . ." she began accusingly.

Mr. Holland rallied all his charm.

"That boy," he said blandly, "is our best hope of a scholarship. To him it will mean the chance of a fine career. My duty is to give him every chance. You can take his temperate this evening if you feel that way inclined, Nurse. In any case, I doubt whether he is infectious yet. The others, by the way, have had it."

But Nurse's chin was right up.

"From my point of view it is all most *unprofessional*," she said. "I'd rather know nothing about it, thank you!"

And with that she stalked off, her cap like a banner.

Mr. Holland sighed heavily. No headmaster could have done otherwise. But a trained nurse has a different professional code and would never stay where that was not respected. It was pure bad luck.

Then he frowned as quick reaction set in. Matron had been bad enough, always knowing best. A girl who was just *too* capable would prove a terrible thorn in the side . . . however lovely. . . .

End of term came in a rush. Everyone was packing. Everyone, that is, except Galsworthy, who was now laid up with a bad cold on the chest but not a spot anywhere.

On the very last day Mr. Holland had good reason to congratulate himself. Parents had collected their boys, and all now intended to leave the youngsters in Mr. Holland's capable hands indefinitely. Moreover, he had a considerable list of new entries for the autumn. One of his worst misgivings was now evaporating into thin air. There remained, of course, the other.

His thoughts were running on that as he returned to his den. His one failure . . . a chit of a girl.

At his desk he sat frowning, churning inside as he had done at the beginning, when he had found that a man never knows his abilities till they are put to the test. . . .

And so John Holland lit a cigarette, took off his horn rims, and rang the bell very

Be My Help

deliberately. Nurse came ten minutes later, very business-like indeed in her grey suit, ready to depart.

"You wanted me, Mr. Holland?"

But Tom Sindall was behind her, grinning.

"May I butt in and say goodbye in a hurry, sir?" he croaked, then turned his head to bark into a handkerchief. "Excuse me! I'm off home to Mother! I seem to have caught Galsworthy's cold . . . unless it's the measles!"

The headmaster controlled a wicked gleam as he caught Nurse's eye.

"You don't think, do you, Nurse," he asked delicately, "that you could possibly have been so *unprofessional* as to let Tom Sindall into your ward without asking him a question?"

Nurse was now looking very lovely indeed, with sparkling eyes.

"I'm afraid so," she said, carrying it off with enjoyment. "The great idiot might have thought for himself."

So Mr. Holland behaved magnanimously, with rush tactics.

"He's going by car and will keep his germs to himself all the way home, so we can forget about him. I was wondering, Nurse, if you would consider staying on here permanently?"

And now Nurse wasn't the capable girl at all. She was looking very modest indeed, with shy eyes, heightened colour and parted lips.

"As matron?" she said a little breathlessly. "If you really think I could manage . . . ?"

And so John Holland lost his head completely. He forgot all about misgivings. He seized a breathtaking chance to enlarge his responsibilities in a most intoxicating fashion. He put out two hands to slim shoulders and drew her nearer, unresisting.

"Not as matron, darling," he said softly near her lips. "As my wife. You see, I have adored you from the very first moment. . . ."

"Oh!" sighed Nurse in exquisite surrender. "How perfect!"

END

Never, Never Land

(Continued from page 13)

So, the tail-end of 1954 is seeing yet another social revolution—and one that presents a delicate problem in social study. After all, possession of an elegant car, the studiously casual wearing of mink, was once a reasonably certain indication of a sound bank balance and a prosperous background. Now it need only mean the ability to pay so much a week for so many months—or years.

Among a majority there is frankly glee at the prospect at last of being able to own so many things that have seemed a dream for many years. But to a minority, clinging to the last shreds of a code of ethics that maintains that you should never buy a thing unless you can afford to pay for it, the prospect is unsettling, "instalment buying" a quick road to perdition. Of such are those who feel—rightly perhaps—that a margin in the bank against emergency is better than all the refrigerators in the world; who see one insidious 2s. 6d. a week piling on another until life is a nightmare of cheque-writing at inconvenient and sometimes impossible times.

These are the people who say—and mean it—that hire-purchase is an evil thing; that the accumulated weight of weekly or monthly payments shouldered through the lust for more and more luxury goods can turn a comfortable, shabby home into a shiningly equipped purgatory of financial worry; who claim that man—and woman—is constitutionally unable to resist the lure of more and more goods and is inherently too weak-minded to realize when to stop.

Extremists will add that it is wrong to use unpaid-for goods anyway, forgetting perhaps that those who find the money to finance the easy-payment plans are not philanthropists but very hard-headed business people.

On the other hand, opposition to hire-purchase buying comes even more frequently

for different reasons altogether. Mrs. X who has slaved laboriously for two years to accumulate—out of a tiny dress allowance, birthday cheques and slender dividends on the tiny investment her father left her—to buy a good fur coat or a long-coveted piece of furniture, may not feel too happy when she sees a palpable wage-earner sporting a fantastic array of new clothes.

So it is wise, right at the start, not to confuse ethics with estimates of one's neighbours' financial standing.

For such who unhesitatingly condemn hire-purchase buying as unethical the answer can only lie in their unadmitted feeling that some sort of social stigma attaches to it: it's perfectly in order to buy a piano on an overdraft but there is something "fish-and-chippy" about a Daimler on hire-purchase. Mrs. Y, seeing the washing machine going reverently into No. 11, thinks regretfully of her elderly gas boiler and sniffs disparagingly "Feeds the kids on bread and marge, I expect."

She may be right, of course, in which case her forebodings about hire-purchase may be justified. Yet, the truth probably is that the children at No. 11 are feeding exactly as they did before the payments started on the washing machine—and Mrs. Y is really giving voice to bewildered resentment at yet another social revolution.

Tomorrow's homes may very well buy ninety-five per cent "never-never." Here in England, with our social inhibitions and tendency to live in the past, we lag behind the Americans, but the last three-and-a-half months have shown that we may be on the way to catching up—such is the unsatisfied demand for luxury and semi-luxury goods. And why not?

Saving is hard, unless there is some compulsion. A hire-purchase contract provides

just that compulsion—you *must* meet the instalment, or else. . . . But, ethically, it is no different from hiring.

The kernel of the hire-purchase question is a comparatively simple matter. The whole thing is not—contrary to what some would have us believe—a suspension of any ethical standards, unless you plunge badly beyond your means: mink when your financial rating only justifies beaver lamb.

Otherwise you are merely making a business contract to which your financial circumstances give a reasonable guarantee of fulfilment. Unpredictable disasters apart—which impinge willy-nilly on our affairs both within and without Never-never-land—you proceed quietly and satisfactorily towards your target, the ownership of an article you need which you might never "save up" for.

To say, because you choose to buy a washing machine on hire-purchase that you are buying something you cannot afford is really adopting a false standpoint. For, if the business is properly conducted you are *not* having a thing you cannot afford, because what you are "affording" is the weekly or monthly payment.

In fact, hire-purchase necessitates a slight re-orientation of outlook, that's all. An article costs, say, £60, but that is relatively immaterial—you don't have to "afford" £60—you have got to afford, with a clear conscience, so many shillings a week for so many months or years . . . and it is hard to see what is wrong with that very practical sort of budgeting of one's life and money.

No! Widespread hire-purchase may be a jolt for those who feel that the masses ought "to keep their station," but it only becomes unethical when a bank overdraft is needed to meet an outstanding instalment!

END

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Wife To A Churchill

(Continued from page 15)

she deftly but respectfully turned it against him. It happened that as she was leaving Marlborough House after dinner with the Prince, he noticed that she was using a public cab and not her own brougham.

Jovially he commented that her conscience was better than her carriage. Not even the heir apparent to the throne was to be allowed to best Lady Randolph. Sweetly she riposted: "Is it not, sir, the Queen's carriage? How can I have a better?" Perhaps her most effective score, against an opponent more worthy of her mettle, was when she demolished a characteristically Shavian postcard with a typically Churchillian telegram. G.B.S., who hated eating out, had refused her invitation to luncheon on a card which read:

Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?

She telegraphed in reply:

KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR HABITS. HOPE THEY ARE NOT AS BAD AS YOUR MANNERS.

The end of the nineteenth century was, in Sir Winston's own words: "an age of great men and small events." Politics was to some extent still a game, though it was played seriously—like cricket. Lady Randolph could allow herself the luxury of outspoken comment, even on politicians: a luxury that Lady Churchill twenty-five years later, in a time of world wars and fierce class struggle, could not afford.

Almost her only known intervention in party politics was in 1915, when Mr. Asquith removed Sir Winston from his post as First Lord of the Admiralty after the failure of the Dardanelles expedition. On that occasion she is reputed to have written the Prime Minister a letter of bitter personal rebuke. But she would never have considered trifling so gaily with her husband's schemes as Lady Randolph did.

On one occasion Lord Randolph had devoted a great deal of effort to manoeuvring Lord Hartington and his Liberal Unionists away from Gladstone and into the Tory camp. Lady Randolph met Lord Hartington at dinner and asked him whether he intended to accept her husband's invitation.

"I have not decided yet," he replied. "But when I do I suppose that I shall be thought either a man or a mouse."

"Or a rat," suggested Lady Randolph.

Lady Randolph had only twenty years as the wife of a politician. Lady Churchill has had forty-six. From the beginning of her married life, she has had the responsibility of sharing the worries and strains of a man who was almost immediately holding high office. There was no butterfly period, such as her mother-in-law enjoyed, when the House of Commons could call on her husband for only

a few weeks, or perhaps only days, in the year. Her marriage has called for unspectacular resources of patience and organization which it is hard to dramatize.

We need take only one example of the rigours of married life in high politics. It is a prosaic and unexciting aspect of Lady Churchill's task and for that reason has been completely ignored by journalists seeking sensational copy. Let us forget for a moment that she is the wife of an unpredictable genius, the hostess to kings and statesmen. Let us see her as the mother of five children (there was another girl who died as a child), who has had to move, often at a moment's notice, a dozen times or more as her husband's job was changed.

One year, she is among the elegant splendour of the First Lord's house in Whitehall. Then she moves to the staid solidity of the Chancellor's residence at Number 11 Downing Street. Now her husband is out of office and they change again to private town house in Eccleston Square. Then he buys an impressive, but somewhat awkward to run, country seat at Chartwell. Then, the Commons calls him back and they move again to 10 Downing Street, often more of an office than a home. Then away from Downing Street to 28 Hyde Park Gate, and most recently back again at Downing Street.

Today Sir Winston usually spends his weekend either at his own country house at Chartwell or at the official out-of-town residence of Prime Ministers at Chequers. But which is it to be? Both are efficiently run, the first by their own servants, the second by staff from the W.R.A.F. It is Lady Churchill who must ensure that everything is ready and waiting when Sir Winston decides, often at the last moment, which he will visit.

Still slim-figured, impeccably groomed, alert and limber despite her arthritis, Lady Churchill is the supreme example of a dedicated woman. Lady Randolph lived mainly for pleasure, especially after the death of her husband. She re-married twice. Once in 1900 to the handsome young officer of the South African War, George Cornwallis-West, whom she divorced in 1913. And again in 1918 to a Mr. Porch, about whom very little else seems to be known.

Towards the end of her life, after the first World War, what Cecil Rhodes once bluntly called her "good square face" became rather fat and heavy. She had a busy time writing plays, giving parties, editing magazines (the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, selling at a guinea a copy) and producing her delightful memoirs. Who can say that in her effervescent gaiety, she would not still have envied the life of her daughter-in-law?

END

Two Poodles, Please!

(Continued from page 16)

Miss Slater shares a small office in Regent Street, but so many visitors call her while they are sitting up in their hotel beds planning the day's programme, or late at night when they have just set foot in London, that she has to have a secretary constantly on duty at her St. John's Wood flat.

"My first job was for an American honeymoon couple, and I was told about it over dinner one night with friends," she told me.

"The bridegroom was seventy-five and the bride seventy-six."

"She was an authority who specialized in buying odd and unusual pieces in Europe and having them copied. I had to find her unusual occasional chairs and tables, such as could fit into an odd corner in an American home. She spent more than £100 in one tiny corner of Devon alone, and her total expenditure was much more by the time she left London for home."

The job is always full of the unexpected. "Yesterday, an American woman phoned me, saying she came from Nashville, Tennessee, and would I please find her a set of fish knives and two poodles! It took me most of the morning, but I found both items. She

was delighted with the fish knives, and a few minutes ago she telephoned to say she had been down to Hertfordshire and collected the poodles—two miniature brown ones—and was probably buying a third. Her charming daughters, aged between thirteen and twenty, had been with me during the exploring for the fish knives, which were to be something rather special in silver."

Miss Slater's shopping list (she keeps it all recorded in a little black notebook) is full of the unusual . . . the wedding veil for the daughter of the Swiss millionaire; the set of prints of the Rake's Progress which a well known Society woman wanted to hang from top to bottom of her staircase; a dish cross (two crossing, pivoted silver arms, on legs, to hold a dish on the table and keep it warm by a small spirit flame underneath).

Last Christmas, there was a New Zealand grandmother ending a visit to London, and all one of her grandsons wanted taken back to him was a set of bagpipes. They had to be easy for him to play, too.

"I just had no idea how to deal with that one," confessed Miss Slater, but this is the ingenious way she (Continued on page 74)



Faultlessly fashioned

English Rose

the haute couture in

nylons

found what was wanted. "I addressed a letter to 'The Toy Shop, Edinburgh, N.B.' and in it explained what I wanted and why. I wrote, 'If this reaches you, a toy shop, please will you try to help?' Back came a reply and sample, beautifully decorated in tartan and easy to blow. My friends saw the sample before it was delivered, and the result was that not only the New Zealand grandmother and her grandsons were delighted, but within ten days I had to send back to the shop for fifty-two more! So far, I have had no complaints from parents or neighbours of the recipients!"

There was an American woman who telephoned recently. "I earned nothing in commission, but I earned her undying gratitude, and that was more than enough," said Miss Slater.

"She sounded so young and unspoilt, sweet and charming on the phone. It was her last day in London. She was down to her last £5 spending money, yet she just had to buy some gifts to take home: a toy for several children, baby clothes, a becoming tie for her boy friend, and one or two other small things, and she so dearly wanted a tartan skirt and stole for herself.

"But there was a sequel soon afterwards. She had given all the presents away and now wanted them back for herself; would I get replacements?"

One American customer who is her biggest spender Miss Slater has never seen. She is the wife of a noted gynaecologist and lives in Brooklyn. Her hobby is collecting silver—she has a small private income of her own, and spends all of it on her hobby. From a first request for something rare that she could not get some two years ago, this contact has grown into a real pen-friend correspondence. The letters are chatty, informal, friendly; they tell everything that happens in that American home and among

that woman's friends. Miss Slater feels she knows them intimately.

After I had listened to many of her anecdotes, I discovered the secret of her success: think of the unusual.

For instance, there was a honeymoon couple staying at Claridge's. They wanted a present for the bride's father, but he literally had everything he could want. There was not one suggestion Miss Slater made that was not turned down as unsuitable.

So finally she said: "I have a brother in America. He is rather a famous painter. Shall he paint a portrait of you for your father?"

"That was the answer. The portrait was painted, and everyone, especially the father, was delighted."

By no means all "foreign trade" comes from American tourists.

There was a young married woman from Holland in London recently. She was expecting her first baby. Her husband was a very wealthy Dutch business man. Her mission was to furnish her dining-room in a rather special style. She asked first for a set of Sheraton chairs.

"I showed her the superior artistic merits of Hepplewhite, and we found some which she bought. But that was only the beginning. For two whole days we hunted for just the right antique sideboard and got something beautiful. Then a very lovely dining table. Then side chairs. Finally, a sixteenth-century torchaire. Helping with her shopping was a full time job for a fortnight," said Miss Slater.

This shopping service has all sorts of angles. There are many people setting up home or moving into a new house who have just no idea how to furnish. Miss Slater operates a furnishing side to her shopping. She will plan people's homes down to the last detail, if they want.

Two Poodles, Please!

She has a bride's dream of a wedding gift service. First, she takes the bride round to all the likely places to choose the presents she would like to be given if she is lucky. Then, when anyone offers a gift, the bride refers them to Miss Slater, who takes them round the same shops, shows them what the bride really wants, and warns them what has already been bought.

But romances need to be kept alive after marriage. "Many a husband wants to buy his wife a fur coat, or a beautiful ring. I do a very big business in furs and jewellery. And husbands want many other things for their wives, too. But the American wives never seem to think of anything else for their husbands but sweaters. It is sweaters, sweaters, sweaters. It was really a relief last week when one woman wanted a wallet."

Collectors, souvenir hunters, artists, brides, people giving gifts of one kind and another, and people setting up home. All these call on Miss Slater for help with their shopping; so do people who want to know where and what to eat ("and often insist on taking me with them, to ensure they get the right things!") or what theatre to go to ("Many of the theatres send me invitations to all their new shows so that I know what to recommend").

But there is heartbreak in the shopping diary, too.

One recent SOS was from a woman who had been terribly scarred and blinded in a motor smash. No longer could she see what she was wearing or how she looked. Her disfigurement made her feel self-conscious, and a burden to her relatives. "Please help me to get a really good hair-do, and a new hat and some new clothes," she appealed.

"I did," said Miss Slater.

END

Away To The Woods

(Continued from page 19)

"Thur he was, blood all over 'im. He'd laid one of 'em out, and blow me, as we comes through the ruddy door, he clips t'other one under the ruddy chin and sends him down to meet us. All we 'ad to do was pick up the perishin' pair of 'em and send 'em to hospital till they wus fit to plead guilty."

IT was in that same hospital that John Smith wakened up at nine o'clock next morning.

Not realizing where he was, he put one leg out of bed, then the other, and was looking for his trousers when a nurse bustled down the ward and asked what he thought he was doing.

"I am getting up," he said. "It must be very late."

Then he noticed the other beds. Also he became aware of a violent headache and his exploring fingers encountered bandages.

"Now back into bed with you!" the nurse ordered.

"But I am well! Please bring my clothes. What will they be thinking at Fitzmoncieux?"

John Smith would have been flattered to know. The sergeant was telling what had happened. The bar of the Fox and Goose was crowded though it was long before opening time. Reporters were already there, and the hotel staff were rubbing shoulders with their American guests in common excitement.

One of them, the little man called Skinner, was glancing right and left among the crowd "Where's Eddie Zimmern?" he asked. "Why, this is right up Eddie's street."

"Who's Eddie Zimmern?" the sergeant asked.

"Eddie writes crime. Too bad he couldn't be in on a thing like this."

"Mr. Zimmern went out early," the landlord told him. "Said he was going fishing."

"Now listen!" the nurse was saying to John Smith, "get into bed till the doctor comes. You can talk to him about going home. I'll be in trouble if you walk out now."

The doctor came at half-past ten. He told John Smith that the injury to his head wasn't serious. Three or four days in bed and he would be as fit as a fiddle.

John Smith nodded. "Good! Please bring my clothes. I am now going home."

The doctor grinned. "I said three or four days."

"I am going now! I am a British subject. You have no right to detain a British subject against his will. This is a free country. Please bring my clothes."

He won. Shortly before noon he walked out of the hospital gate, shaken but triumphant.

Durward and his wife were also shaken when he arrived. He was ready by then for a cup of tea. Last night, they told him, they had slept through all the commotion. Taswell was in bad shape but would recover. The dog was still dizzy with the knock-out drops that had been fed to him. The indoor watchman had been sent home from hospital after treatment. So all was well.

John Smith, deeply relieved, went to his own room. He telephoned the Duke and told his astonished grace that he was back on duty again. After sleeping in the chair for a couple of hours his head was less painful and he felt hungry. So he got his bicycle from the stables and pedalled in leisurely fashion to the boundary wall.

Eddie Zimmern, back from fishing, was listening while his friend Skinner told him the story on the front porch of the Fox and Goose.

"Everything you could ask for!" Skinner was saying. "English rural setting, British aristocracy, priceless manuscripts, armed gangsters! Doped dog, watchmen beaten up, library doors blown, battle in the banquet hall, lone retainer saves the day. Everything but Errol Flynn swinging from the minstrel's gallery on a chandelier."

"Well, look!" the landlord said behind them. "Talk of the devil... Can you beat it? And I heard he was in hospital on the verge of passing out."

John Smith was walking along the other side of the road. A white bandage was

visible under an old felt hat he was wearing. "Wait here!" Eddie Zimmern told Skinner. "Maybe I can get a story out of this."

EDDIE followed John Smith down the Estreet and saw him turn into the snack-bar. After a minute he went in himself.

John Smith was leaned against the counter, reading a magazine. Beyond him, a girl was talking to Mrs. Herbage. It was Ronica Paley. Ronica had dropped in to see Mrs. Herbage when John Smith arrived, so she stayed talking, wondering how to pass him with just the right air of friendliness and unconcern.

Eddie had no way of knowing this. He asked for coffee. He said, "Excuse me, sir, but aren't you John Smith?"

The man at the counter looked over the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*. "That is my name," he admitted cautiously.

"Seems there's been some trouble up at the house," Eddie said easily. "First exciting thing that's happened any place I've been since I came over two months back. Just my luck to miss it." He held a packet of cigarettes. "No? Oh, you smoke a pipe! Now tell me, Mr. Smith, exactly what did happen?"

John Smith shook his head. "Nothing." "The way I heard it, plenty did. They've got two men in jail and you've a bandage around your head."

John Smith shrugged his shoulders and started to read again.

"Now look," Eddie said, "I write pulp fiction. I'd like to know about a man's personal reactions when he looks down the muzzle of a .45. It's something I've written about often enough but never experienced."

John Smith's eyes were blank above the magazine. "I have a job. I am paid for it. I do it," he said, and resumed his reading.

Eddie took the coffee and tasted it with disgust.

"Typical Englishman!" he said. "The sort that pulls a two hundred pound woman out of the river then (Continued on page 77)

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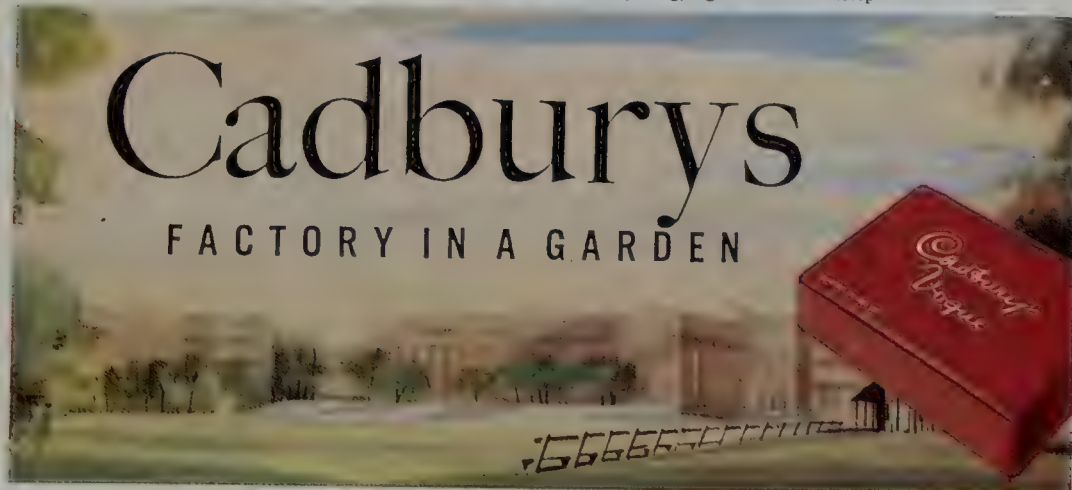
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An illustration for a Kayser Bondor advertisement. Two women are depicted in elegant, light pink dresses with ruffled hems. One woman is seated on the left, looking up at the other woman who is standing and leaning back, also looking upwards. They are surrounded by lush floral arrangements, including white lilies and pink roses. In the upper right corner, there is a small cartoon illustration of two children, a boy and a girl, in a playful pose. The background is dark, making the pink dresses and flowers stand out.

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slips through the crowd before anybody can ask his name. One time I'd have said they don't come that way. Now I know they do."

John Smith had put down the magazine. A strange expression came over his face.

"My friend, would you say that again? Did you say a typical Englishman?"

"I certainly did say that. A thing like this happens and you close up like a clam. You—"

But John Smith was coming past him to where Ronica was standing. "Ronica," he said, "I am walking down the street. Will you come with me?" There was still that strange expression on his face. It could have been called beautiful.

"Of course I'll come with you, Jan," she said in a low voice, and outside the door she slipped her arm through his. "I'm so proud

of you, darling. But I always was. It isn't just because of this."

"We are proud of each other." He twined his fingers in hers. "That would be a good beginning."

The old street glowed in the October dusk. They walked towards the silent, welcoming Woods.

Ronica's father was closing the store. He stepped through the door, loudly blowing his nose.

"Jan," he said, "sooner or later I've got to say it. I'm sorry. It shouldn't have taken this to make us realize you're as good as any of us and better than most."

With great dignity, John Smith shook hands.

"We are going to the Woods. You think your daughter is safe there with me, Mr. Paley?"

Away To The Woods

"Bring her home for supper, Jan."

"That will be a great pleasure."

"All forgiven and forgotten now? No hard feelings, Jan?"

John Smith put his arm through Ronica's again and they walked away. "No hard feelings!" he said over his shoulder. "I think—yes, I believe it could almost be said that I am integrated now. That is a very good word."

They went over the bridge towards the Woods, an ordinary Englishman and the girl he was going to marry. No one seemed to notice them. That had been happening at Fitzmoncieux for more than a thousand years.

END

Loose Covers (Continued from page 29)

away each side, where the top bend-back starts. If so, pin this in place.) At the bottom push the stuff deep down into the crevice before cutting it off. This may absorb as much as 4 in. Never stint this tuck-in. It is vital to a good loose cover.

Now pin material over half the seat (Fig. 2) taking care that any lengthwise stripes on it run in unbroken effect down inside back and seat. Again allow a deep tuck-in along the back edge and shape the stuff to the seat outline.

Fig. 1 shows the cutting of the outside back, which usually needs no darts. Allow 1½ in. bottom hem turnings. Match the design on the two back pieces and pin them together along the chair edges.

Finally, cut the border in one long strip right round the seat (Fig. 2) or in three pieces with fitting seams at the front corners (Fig. 1), as best suits the chair shape (Figs. 1 and 2). Match the pattern, if necessary, on all the strips. Allow 1½ in. bottom hem turnings.

Pin all pieces firmly together wherever they touch. Trim seam turnings (not hems) to an even ½ in. Now notch the turnings, all four thicknesses at once, at irregular intervals. Notching is cutting out small Vs, ½ in. to 1 in. in depth.

Take the doubled half-cover apart, and by matching the notches re-pin it as a complete cover in single thickness. Work it carefully on to the chair, right side out, check the fit and make any small adjustments needed if the two stuffed sides don't quite match. Put a safety-pin where the placket opening must start, generally from seat level down as shown in Fig. 1. Some covers need a longer placket or one each side.

Stitch any darts, tapering them off imperceptibly. Cut surplus material off corner darts (but leave a long horizontal one uncut). Press dart turnings upwards.

Boil the piping cord for five minutes to shrink it. From spare material cut bias strips 1½ in. wide and join them on the straight thread (i.e. diagonally across the strip) to the required length. Press open the seams. Double piping material lengthwise over the cord and tack the two thicknesses together close to the cord. (Fig. 4.)

Pipe all visible seams. Lay the prepared piping between the two seam edges, with all four raw edges flush, pin firmly through all thicknesses, then with large stitches overcast all turnings together (Fig. 4). Stitch close up to the cord, only removing each pin as it is reached. At corners slash the piping covering, well short of the seam line, so that it will turn easily.

Stitch inside and outside back together as far as the placket. From there merely tack the piping down the inside back edge only. Stitch the border round the seat and join, on the unplacketed side, to the lower outside back. Plain-seam inside back and seat together. Stitch a hem right round the bottom edge of the cover. Finish the placket with press fastener tape, thus covering piping and other raw edges. Overcast turnings of darts and crevice seam and well press the cover.

(If it tends to ride up in wear, run a long

tape right through the hem, pull it up tightly and tie off on a back leg.)

The straight-line shape of the larger arm-chair is easy to fit. Cut and make the cover as for the armless chair, with these differences:

(a) Don't dart the inside back but insert border strips, covering the chair thickness, between this and the outside back.

(b) Allow 6 in. tuck-in on all seat, back and arm pieces which tuck in round the seat.

(c) Cut one entire arm in two thicknesses

of stuff, making sure that the under one is the right way up; this provides for the second arm. Fig 3 shows the pieces, inside, outside and border.

(d) When assembling the cover, first stitch together the various pieces forming the back, then those forming the arms, then seat and seat border. Lastly join and overcast the tuck-in seams.

(e) Make a placket from arm-top level down one outside-back outside-arm seam.

END

November Reading (Continued from page 39)

the vagaries of patients, and the thrills of that whitened sepulchre, the op. room. It is told with humour, but her funniest line is unconscious: "I will say this for the bedpan. It introduced me to many interesting people whom I would never have met intimately otherwise, and some of them I will never forget." Really funny drawings have been slipped in from Jean McConnell's *Nurse Please*.

Betty Jeffrey was a nurse, too—with the Australian Army in Malaya. Evacuated from Singapore with other sisters in the Vyner Brooke, bombed and sunk off Sumatra, she was three days in the water before experiencing the rigours and cruelties of Jap prison camps at Muntok and Palembang. The guards had a typically Nip habit of walking in and out of the women's quarters all night, flashing torches, switching on lights, hitting legs with bayonets. One bully nicknamed "Lipstick Larry" hated the sight of lipsalve and gave any woman wearing it a smashing blow across the mouth, nice people, to go with starvation rations and every kind of indignity. In "White Coolies" (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.) Sister Jeffrey shows with what pluck and humour they bore it all, exerting every feminine wile—and forfeiting four days' rations—to stall Jap officers who expected to be "entertained."

I've always thought the Nero legend slightly phoney, the orgies not quite as lurid as painted. Did he, in fact, fiddle while Rome burned? Evidently he went about on welfare work among the victims and only paused to lisp lines to his lyre when Tigellinus urged him to compose a poem on the fire that the people could chant in ages to come. He was vain about his looks, his singing and acting and the crowd's plaudits, both master and victim of intrigue and conspiracy, but withal "a great and astute ruler who knew the art of courting popularity to perfection." Carlo Maria Franzero evokes vividly this matricidal ghost in "The Life And Times Of Nero" (Redman, 18s.), with photographic plates of busts, statues and Roman scenes.

There have been a number of books on Bernadette. Michel de Saint-Pierre's "Bernadette And Lourdes" (Hutchinson, 15s.), translated by Edward Fitzgerald, seems to me the most sensitively detailed so far. He writes as a heart-and-soul believer.

Man and two women, woman and two men. . . . How many novels—and magazine

stories—turn on a triangle relationship! In Rachel Trickett's "The Course Of Love" (Constable, 13s. 6d.) Stephen, a university tutor, has the devotion of Laura, an art expert, but is captivated—at least for a time—by the superficially luring Delia, a rich man's daughter. The conflict is probed and resolved with a nicety of style that may be a little slow and precious for some readers but is agreeably intelligent and accomplished. We can be thankful for a tale aimed at the head as well as the heart, and not below the belt.

The woman is the divided one in Elswyth Thane's "The Lost General" (Hale, 10s. 6d.). Drawn, for her M.A. thesis, to a general killed in the War of Independence 170 years ago, Mary Carmichael goes South into Carolina in search of his unknown grave and facts about his life. She meets a helper there and soon is "dreaming about a live man instead of a dead hero." She also meets a live general of the headlong type calculated to sweep a girl off her feet, and between the living and the dead has an emotionally busy time. In both stories the outcome satisfies, as it should—in fiction.

Alex Lauder is by no means heartfree when his love impels him to rush off to Granada in Rowland Winn's "Carmela" (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). There, in the gipsy quarter, he scoops up a fascinating fourteen-year-old dancer and carries her off to the Seville Easter Fair as his *grupa* to ride with him in the celebrations. The ensuing romance has all the enchantment of castanets and flowers-in-the-hair, all the colour Marguerite Steen laid on so vividly in her Spanish Trilogy. Mr. Winn, himself soaked with Iberian sun, may be slick, brittle, with his English characters, but Carmela makes his tale a *Rhapsodie Espagnole*.

A midwife in a Norman village has no right to be young, pretty, and turn the men's heads. So the watchful wives think, anyway; and to spite her and rob her of her job they will—well, just stop having babies. The comedy of this situation Flora Sandstrom puts to Boccaccian use in "The Midwife Of Pont Clercy" (Barker, 10s. 6d.): a most enjoyable frolic, Gallic yet discreet.

Those who enjoyed Doris Leslie's *Polonaise*—as I did this summer when I found it on a farmhouse shelf under the Quantocks—gladly join in "A Toast To Lady Mary" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), her bionovel of the forceful Mary (Continued on page 78)

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Wortley Montagu whose social flutterings embraced the Courts of Anne and George. I and the Constantinople seraglios. Miss Leslie has a shrewd eye for history and character and doesn't overstrain the conjectural dialogue. Anna Zinkeisen's charming jacket design idealizes the period exquisitely.

Another cutback, this time to eighteenth-century Ruritanian romance, is Paula Batchelor's "Bed Majestical" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) about a supposedly orphaned convent girl suddenly confronted by a mother (with black page) who whisks her off to the court of her Grand Duke lover and a life of extravagantly Teutonic adventure. A bold, bounteous first novel, though at times the style is naïve, the dialogue stilted.

Octavius Roy Cohen's "Borrasca" (Barker, 12s. 6d.) takes us back to the Comstock Lode mining bonanza of 1859-78 around Virginia City, Nevada, and the varied fortunes of a knife-thrower and his target (in more senses than one), the showman's daughter, in the fight for wealth.

A London theatre is an unusual milieu for Frances Parkinson Keyes, but in "The Royal Box" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) she builds a strong whodunit from the mysterious death of a U.S. diplomat and the lives of the principal suspects who were at the fateful theatre party. Another *Dinner At Antoine's*—this time with poison in the menu.

The poison in E. G. Thorpe's "Endless Road" (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is in the soul of his chief character, Bradley, lecturer at a provincial university. Like the teacher in the Chekhov story, he wants to find something vital in life to offset his boredom and frustration—in work, marriage, an unfulfilled love for another woman—but encounters only infidelities, betrayals. Not a happy story, with its intense conflicts and sharp characterization, yet an emotionally exciting one.

To add to your November reading list:

"What's Cooking?" by Sheila Hutchins (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) has a theme: how to provide something "different" both cheaply and easily. "Runyon From First To Last" (Constable, 12s. 6d.) is the final omnibus of Runyon stories, together with eight short sketches written during his final illness. A novel idea for a cookbook is presented by Robin Adair in "The Four Seasons Cookery Book" (Macdonald, 15s.) who has arranged recipes according to season. S. P. B. Mais and his wife Gillian have recorded their impressions of two trips to Italy in "Italian Holiday" (Redman, 15s.). "The Story of an African Safari" is the subtitle of Robert C. Ruark's book "Horn Of The Hunter" (Hutchinson, 16s.), a vivid account of a jungle adventure.

For fiction the following novels are recommended:

"Mine Boy" by Peter Abrahams (Faber, 10s. 6d.). "The Cherry Fair," by Winifred Duke (Hale, 10s. 6d.). "A Shade Of Darkness," by Hebe Elmsa (Hale, 9s. 6d.). "The Old World Dies," by Warwick Deeping (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). "Ash On A Young Man's Sleeve," by Dannie Abse (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). "Fires At Fairlawn," by Josephine Bell (Methuen, 11s. 6d.).

END

Appointment With Joanna

(Continued from page 38)

just what they want to—eat when they want to; get up when they want to; and no one ever tells them to wash their hands. She'd have to tell Jane this wasn't so.

"When will you come back?"

"On Monday, Joanna. At least, I will if I can—I promise you that."

"I don't want you to go."

"I don't want to either."

He rose, then went on with his shave.

Joanna began to tell him about a long conversation she had had with her lop-eared rabbit, but he heard little of it

Delia!

Delia—in her gaily-furnished mews flat in Knightsbridge—which had been lent to her. She hadn't had a place of her own for years. Red-haired—taut-featured—intense—unhappy—maddening Delia! Always either in the depths of depression—or excitedly expecting a miracle which would transform everything! Probably—at this actual moment—she was certain that his visit would effect a miraculous change in her affairs!

She was thirty-three. He was forty. Whichever way you looked at it, it wasn't funny.

His marriage had collapsed about five years ago. He had met Valda in the South of France and married her for no imaginable reason. A few months later, she'd gone off with a rich man of about fifty. He'd let her divorce him. The whole thing seemed, in retrospect, the kind of dream you have when you go to bed tight.

Delia's marriage had folded more or less at the same time. There hadn't been a divorce. She didn't know whether her husband was alive or dead. And didn't care.

He'd met Delia in Paris—in much the same way as a couple of somnambulists might meet. They became lovers, but met only intermittently. At the time, she knew no end of rootless people like herself. So did he. She belonged to an old family, famous for eccentricity, which was rapidly becoming impoverished—by its standards. One day Delia would come into quite a bit of money. So would he—when Aunt Matilda died. So they could afford to drift. That's what they'd thought then.

Joanna was complaining that Jane would go to sleep while she was telling her the most important things. But she must stay awake tonight.

(Continued on page 80)

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Appointment With Joanna

Tony told her to stick a pin into Jane—then returned to his own thoughts.

His father had died when he was two—and he'd been spoilt by his mother. And Delia had been spoilt by her father to the day of his death. The result was they both expected no end from life—and expected it for nothing. He had once told Delia this but, as she was in her happy mood, she only laughed and said that he was: "A self-analytical darling. A maddeningly attractive Freud."

Yes, his mother had spoilt him, but he had adored her. So lovely, so vital, so amusing! He'd always told her everything about his numerous love affairs from the age of sixteen. All she said was: "You must try to behave, Tony darling. I know it's terribly difficult. But I try. I do, really."

Then he remembered how she'd said—just before her sudden death, when he was twenty-five: "You'll hate me when I'm dead, Tony darling. I've spent all the money. It just went! Do forgive me." Thank God he had said: "What rubbish! We spent it together." She had seized his hands—said he was the most generous being in the whole world, then added: "Never mind. Matilda will leave you her money. She adores you."

Tony dried his razor, put it away, then washed vigorously, first in warm water, then in cold.

A moment later Marta called Joanna who went slowly out of the bathroom, saying she'd come back soon.

He sat down, then lit another cigarette.

Delia!

God only knew which mood she'd be in! Perhaps she'd stay in the flat all the weekend, half-dressed, and they'd eat out of tins. That seemed probable, as they hadn't met for some time. She'd cling to him when he arrived—burst into tears—then switch to rainbow happiness. Extraordinary what fascination she had! Probably she'd wake in the early hours—say she was starving—so they'd get up and go to an all-night café. She'd dance along by his side, down silent streets—and mimic people they knew until he was helpless with laughter. They'd have a kind of breakfast—get back to the flat at dawn—then smoke and talk for hours. She'd tell him rapturous plans for the future—then burst into floods of tears—say she didn't want to live—and that he'd leave her. And he'd say he'd never leave her.

If only Delia hadn't picked on *this* weekend! In a few days, he might have wanted to go to her. But not today—not this weekend.

Well, there it all was! No good thinking about it. Delia and he were "hangover" people—survivors of a vanishing class. They'd been ruined by being spoilt—and by the knowledge that, eventually, they'd come into money.

They oughtn't to have met. They were too alike. It was all right—once. But, now, she was a "branded" thirty-three—and he was a battered forty. Most of her relatives had dropped her. And so had most of his—but not Aunt Matilda. She wrote amusing letters, apologizing for not dying.

He rose impetuously, then threw his cigarette out of the window.

He didn't *want* Matilda to die! She was a grand old woman! Always sending him money! Said he might as well have it—or it would go in death duties. He *daren't* think how much he'd had out of her!

Joanna came back, carrying a cup of tea, as if it were the Koh-i-noor.

"Mummy thinks you'd like this."

Marta knew he didn't feel so good in the early morning—and wouldn't want any breakfast. Marta always knew everything without being told. She'd know he was going to Delia today—and that he didn't want to go.

He and George had played with Marta when they were children. She knew he was no good. She *must* know—but she was fond of him. And so was George. They never asked questions—never criticized—just told him to come whenever he wanted to. He'd told Marta about Delia, he hadn't told George. Somehow, it was easier to tell Marta. All she said was: "I'd probably be like Delia—if I hadn't married George."

He swallowed the hot tea in great gulps, watched attentively by Joanna.

"I'm going to see Peter's white pony this afternoon."

She went on:

"It's Saturday tomorrow. I always have an ice at Parrish's on Saturdays."

"I wish I could see Peter's white pony, Joanna—and have an ice with you at Parrish's."

"I wish you could—oh, I do *wish* you could! . . . We'll have tea in the garden on Sunday. There's honey."

She went on revealing the immaculate treasures of her world until his complicated affairs became remote—until the weekend he could have spent with Joanna seemed as inviting as a radiant beckoning dream.

It would be magical to spend this morning wandering round the garden with Joanna perched on his shoulder—to go down the narrow path, at the back of the house, leading to a tangled wood, penetrated by splintered sunlight. They would stop to look at violets by ash-grey roots, shy primroses, and delicately poised bluebells. He'd try not to smoke so that he could breathe the fragrance of May. Then, this afternoon, they would go to see Peter's white pony. He would hold Joanna on its back so that she could have a ride. He'd buy some little gift for Peter. Tomorrow, they go to the village and have ices at Parrish's.

He wouldn't talk much—just enough to get Joanna to tell him about her world, so that he could enter that world—and forget that he had ever left it. And, perhaps, tomorrow night—when Joanna was asleep with Jane—Marta would read to him and George. Yes, Marta would read in her caressing voice. He'd lie on the (Continued on page 82)

better  *drink*



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well chilled and with a twist of
lemon peel makes the perfect
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2

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sofa and half-believe that it was his mother reading to him, when he was a boy, in the little cottage she took furnished every summer in a remote village in Kent. Yes, Marta would read—and he wouldn't want half a dozen whiskies and soda. Then, on Sunday, they'd all have tea in the garden—with honey and wasps—and sit on, saying little, lulled by the beauty of May.

This was the weekend he would *not* have. He'd be with Delia in her mews flat—smoking endless cigarettes, drinking, and making pipe-dream plans!

Joanna was still talking, but he did not hear one word because a sudden thought numbed him: He would *not* have this weekend with Joanna and, perhaps, it was his last chance to enter her new-minted immaculate world. Soon, he would be incapable of identifying himself with it—incapable of an imaginative return to innocence. This was probably his last chance—and he had lost it.

... Two hours later, he stood in his bedroom, looking round to see if he had packed everything—then he fastened the capacious suitcase. He might as well go. He'd give anything for a whisky and soda, but he could not ask Marta for one. Only upset her. Better go—get into the car—drive through lovely leafy lanes until a sudden turn brought him on to a petrol-laden motor road for mile after mile—then suburbs, more dismal than ever in the May sunshine—until at last he'd pull up outside Delia's flat.

Still, he might as well face it—he did belong to her and she did belong to him. God knew why—and only God knew what the end would be! He'd give anything to spend this weekend with Joanna. He knew that if he stayed here for a month he'd be bored, but that did not alter the fact that he'd give anything to spend this week with Joanna. *Anything.*

Of course he wouldn't get back on Monday! Not a chance!

He went downstairs.

For some moments he stood motionless in the doorway, then, hearing a muffled sound, he went into the room—and saw Joanna. She was in a corner—crying.

He hurried to her.

"What's the matter, Joanna darling?"

"I—don't—want you to—go. I don't *want* you to!"

She looked up at him—lips trembling, cheeks stained with tears.

"I don't *want* to see Peter's pony without you. I won't go today. I'll wait till you come back."

"Listen, Joanna. You must go today. We'll go together, when I come back and I'll put you on the pony's back—and give you a ride. But you must go today."

"Peter will be sorry if I don't. But I did so want you to come today. Why can't you?"

"There's a lady in London who wants to see me very much."

"Is she ill?"

"Well, no—not exactly ill—but I must go, Joanna. I don't want to—but I *must*."

He found Marta in the hall. She had just come out of the kitchen and was wearing a jaunty, coloured apron.

He said nothing—just stood before her, like a schoolboy presenting himself for inspection.

She took his hands.

"Look after yourself, Tony. Come back on Monday, if you want to."

"If I—can."

She looked up at him for some moments, then said:

"You've never known what to do with yourself, have you?"

"Never. And I don't now."

He picked up the suitcase, then went to the front door where Joanna was waiting.

"Do come back. On Monday."

"I'll try. I promise."

He started the rakish sports car, then looked back. Joanna was waving. He drove slowly down the drive with one hand on the wheel waving the other to Joanna. But, directly he entered the wood, sunlight and Joanna vanished, as if a curtain had suddenly descended.

Soon after he had passed the derelict gates Tony made the surprising discovery that his relations with Delia were *not* complicated. They were just sterile. And they were sterile because there was not, and never would be, a Joanna. A Joanna who would watch him shave every morning—a Joanna who would evoke lost innocence.

END

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3 Into 1 Will Go!

(Continued from page 41)

eye into thinking it is several rooms. For its various functions are clearly defined—and incidentally, confined in the most astonishing way—by a kind of optical illusion that enables us to have our cake and eat it, too, combining the advantages of several small rooms with those of a single large one. The idea is to break up the room visually according to the various activities we wish to pursue in it.

Often, the basic architecture suggests a logical division: a narrow part at one end may be an obvious dining alcove, a projecting "wing" a perfect study corner. True, it is commonplace to keep the dining-table and other appurtenances of eating to one end of a long room. But colour, pattern, lighting and texture: all the basic tools of decoration can be used to aid the illusion we want. And even in the most uninspiring rectangle we can create our own "architectural" zones by arrangement of the furniture.

Place a low piece so that it projects into the room at right angles and you've at once achieved a dining-alcove. And if the "barrier" is a set of double-sided bookshelves or two. (Continued on page 84)

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3 Into 1 Will Go!

bookcases back-to-back you've provided a serving table and china cupboard in the "dining-room" as well as bookshelves in the "sitting room." Even a conventional piece can be used in this way merely by painting the back or covering it with a bright printed fabric.

One of the most successful room dividers I have ever seen was knocked up at a cost of about thirty shillings. Basically, it was no more than a set of the simplest shelves projecting at right angles to one wall. But from the top of the shelves to the ceiling ran a series of painted dowel rods up which climbing plants were trained. The whole thing formed sufficient visual break to define the dining-area without affecting the sense of physical space.

Whether they are natural or artificial, our zones can be stressed by our decorative treatment. A simple change of floor treatment will itself form a kind of visual barrier beyond which the activity of eating, or, indeed, any other, is not allowed to stray. A carpet square, for example, appears to anchor and confine dining pieces where scatter rugs are used in the sitting zone. But there is no unalterable law that even a fitted carpet must be the same all over.

Might it not be practical to have a patterned area for dining and a toning plain area for relaxing? It costs no more to make up a carpet in two colours or patterns. Come to that, there is no reason why, in some rooms, a quite irregular area should not be apportioned for a particular purpose by a change in the carpet design. For it may not always be convenient to have a straightforward, square portion for say, dining.

So important has this zoning business become in modern living that some carpet manufacturers now produce ranges of small designs in reverse colour ways: a cherry pattern on grey and the same design in grey on cherry, for example. Thus can we achieve variety with the harmony that is vital if a "zoned" room is not to become merely itchy-bitsy.

Consider, too, the possibility of colour and pattern in creating apparently self-contained units in one room. A patterned wallpaper or a change of colour is obviously indicated where there is a clearly defined existing dining alcove. But, like room dividers, colour and pattern can actually create architectural effects since they have the power to alter apparent proportions. A dark colour used on an end wall and a short way along the two side walls of a long room would, in effect, produce a narrower alcove at that end.

No one who has seen some of the incredible effects achieved by cunning stage lighting which enables two or even three "sets" to be revealed alternately will doubt the inherent possibilities of lighting. Clearly, the complicated equipment of the stage director is not for us but a thoughtful variation of types of light and arrangement of fittings helps a lot. The pools of light from standard or table-lamps, for example, automatically create zones of their own.

So it is sense to see that these underline your own deliberately planned zones rather than conflict with them. A special light for desk or study corner is a matter primarily of practical commonsense but I wonder also whether an area of comparative dark between the study area and, say, the "relaxation zone" may not prove a useful psychological barrier!

The choice of furniture for any dual-purpose room is important. Chippendale-type chairs, for instance, spell "dining-room" as clearly as a delicate Louis Seize writing-table spells "drawing-room." And ideally, what we want is non-committal furniture which will switch happily from zone to zone as required.

Since the war, there has developed an entirely new genre of furniture, appropriately christened by manufacturers "living-room furniture" and especially designed for today's dual-purpose rooms. So we can choose dining chairs with properly upholstered seats and perhaps even upholstered backs rather than the more typical loose seat and hard-railed back affair. And, similarly, there is now a whole range of pieces which although they can all be bought separately will yet blend willingly together regardless of the fact that a few years ago some would have been labelled irrevocably "dining-room" and others "drawing-room."

END

The Villain Takes All

(Continued from page 45)

achieved the distinction, rare for a Continental film, of being shown all over the country on the large Odeon circuit.

The villain that the queues waited to see was a middle-aged Parisian gutter bully, barrel-chested, slab-faced, and with eyes as cold as ice chips. Admittedly no one could have called Stroheim handsome: but his ugliness was full of life and personality. Charles Vanel was just vulgarly plain, like the squat, iron-welded front of the heavy truck he drove. He had no breeding, no amiable vices, no charm of manner. He did not even have any ambition except to stay alive. Violence was his habitual method of getting his own way. It seemed appropriate that he should be accidentally crushed to death at the end in a great pool of oil.

It is perhaps rather unfair to dignify Vanel with the name of villain, as the hero of that film was only slightly more prepossessing. The singer Yves Montand played the part with a certain shallow gamin charm, but with the same core of selfishness and brutality.

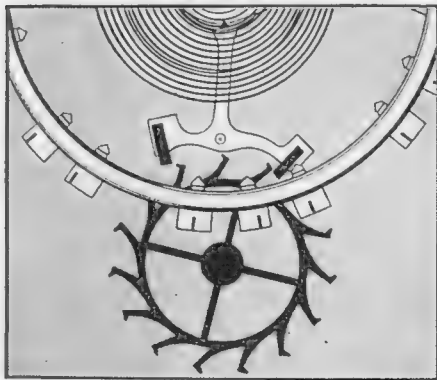
In fact, if Stroheim were the epitome of the old attractive villain who could be called "The Man You Will Love To Hate," Yves Montand is the perfect modern hero as "The Man You Would Hate To Love." This type of hero is not confined to the Continent. It is more than probable that they copied the pattern from Kirk Douglas and Marlon Brando. The current cult of toughness for its own sake has brought us to the position where the film (Continued on page 86)

He's two men!

THE MAKER of the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a craftsman in the old sense. He has the master craftsman's age-old inherited knack of hand; his endless patience; his refusal to pass the least last detail till it's dead right.

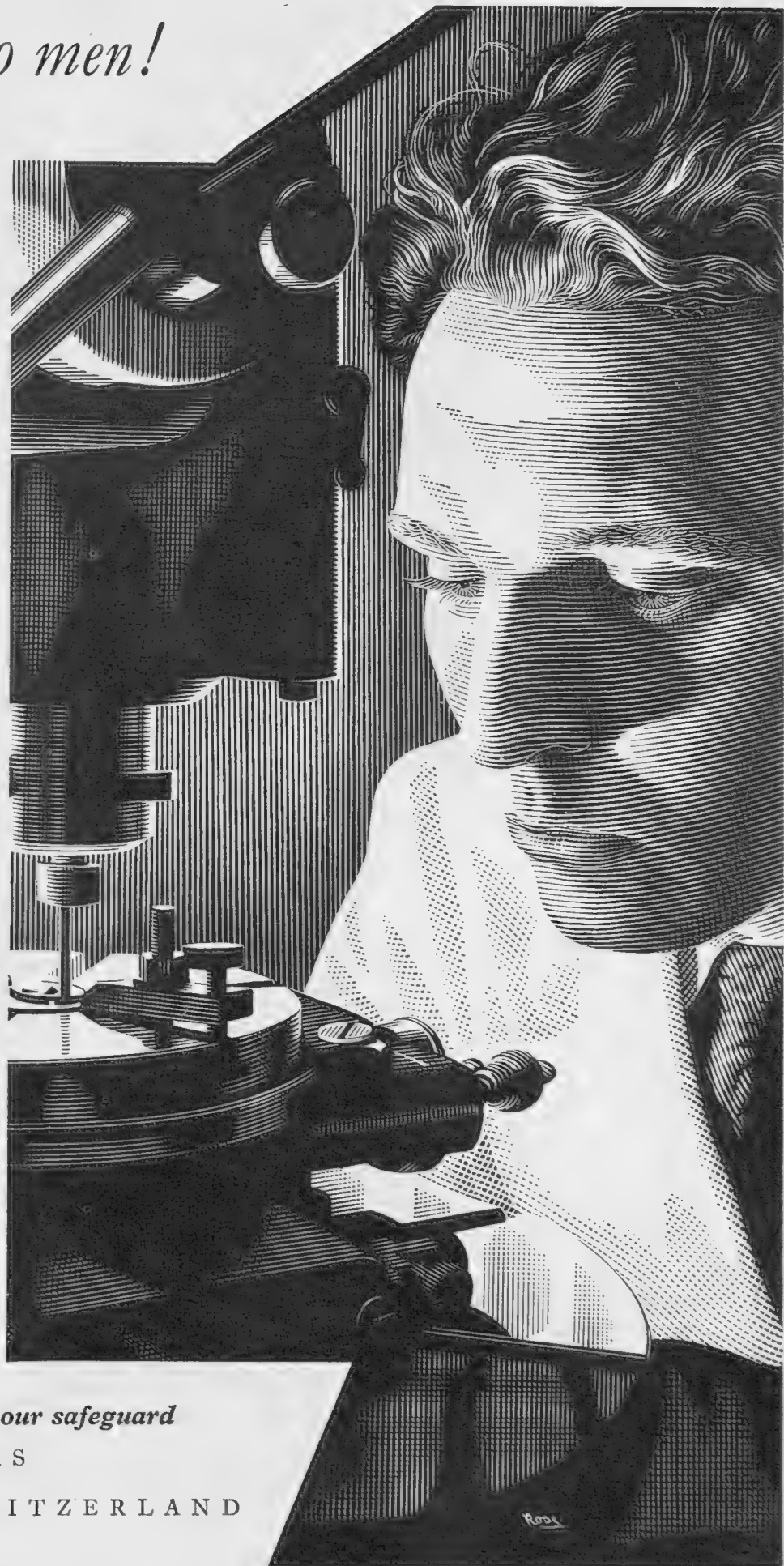
But he's also a technician of the 1950's. When he needs the world's latest watchmaking machinery, it's at his side; using precision tools is second nature to him.

It's thanks to this rare two-sided skill that the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a small masterpiece—a lastingly reliable timekeeper and a thing of beauty. Ask a qualified jeweller to show you these watches and give you expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS

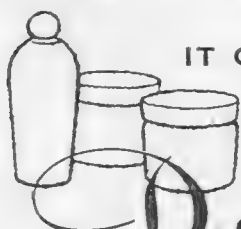


OF SWITZERLAND

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DOROTHY GRAY LONDON PARIS NEW YORK

The Villain Takes All

villains of twenty years ago would now be almost indistinguishable from the film heroes of today.

When I was a boy, any character in a film who slapped his woman, was rude to old men, shot his opponents in the back and lived on neat whisky, could be guaranteed to be a bad hat and die horribly in a disastrous fire in the last reel. Now we get exactly the same character on our screens, but we are expected to cheer him on and be delighted when he is left a million dollars and a beautiful bride at the end. With the male lead so unpleasant, it is no wonder that the harassed scriptwriters have to conjure up a creature almost like a Neanderthal man for his opponent.

Many film directors have found it so hard to find a villain who was appreciably worse than their hero that they have started making films without either. This is undoubtedly a more realistic way of interpreting life than the black-and-white melodrama.

In the cinema now only the Westerns retain that old plot. But even in these the villain has tended to vanish leaving the camera to focus on the bad-good hero like John Wayne in *Hondo* and Alan Ladd in *Shane*.

Kirk Douglas, for example, specializes in the rôle of the muscle-bound neurotic. He is big and tough and callous.

Marlon Brando is one of the few really great actors to appear in films since the war. But even as Mark Antony in *Julius Caesar* he played the part of the opportunist who is on the right side for the wrong reasons. In *On The Waterfront*, his latest film, he is an illiterate, fuddled ex-boxer who breaks up a dockside racket and ends the film battered into a bloody mask of unconsciousness.

These films of Kirk Douglas and Marlon Brando were all realistic pictures of an essentially un-heroic age. But one cannot help sighing for the simple falsities of the old melodrama with a hero you could like and a villain you could hate but admire. Has the attractive villain gone for ever? I am glad to say that he still lingers on in a few fortified positions. Orson Welles as Harry Lime in *The Third Man* was the best recent portrait of the charming, intelligent crook whose death was regrettable but necessary.

Steve Cochran in *Carnival Story* appeared as a poor man's Marlon Brando. Opposite Alec Guinness's dumpy detective-priest in *Father Brown*, Peter Finch created a suave, witty gentleman-thief such as we haven't seen since Raffles. Ray Milland simply oozed boyish charm in *Dial M For Murder* as the *passé* tennis player who planned the perfect killing of his beautiful wife.

The most popular refuge of the villain you love to hate is now the period costume extravaganza like *Prince Valiant* or *Knights Of The Round Table*. The best and most likeable recent example is Peter Cushing as the caitiff knight Sir Palomides in *The Black Knight*. Sir Palomides is every kind of a reprobate but revels so handsomely in his villainy that we cannot but admire him. Let us hope he is not to be the last of the vanishing race of film villains.

END

Framley Parsonage

(Continued from page 52)

down and confessed the whole story to Fanny. "Oh, Mark, dearest Mark, what is it?" She was on her knees before him. "I hardly know what you will think of me when you have heard of it," he said. "I will think," replied the faithful Fanny, "that you are my own husband, Mark, whatever it may be."

Together they planned economies at the Parsonage, pitiful enough in the face of such financial disaster. It was then that news arrived that the wife of the clergyman at the neighbouring parish of Hoggstock had been taken ill with typhus fever. Lucy volunteered to nurse her, leaving Mark and Fanny waiting for the blow to fall.

It came. Lord Lufton, returned from his holiday in Norway, heard the terrible news that the bailiffs were in possession of the Parsonage. Immediately, he offered help. "In helping you over this stile," he said to the stricken Mark, "I have a better right than that even of an old friend; I look upon you now as my brother-in-law."

It was true, for Lady Lufton, a kindly person for all her despotism and genuinely impressed by Lucy's character, was prepared to eat humble pie for the sake of her son's happiness. In person, she had gone to Hoggstock, where Lucy was acting as sick nurse, and had asked her to accept Lord Lufton's hand. "You, at any rate, will not be angry with me for loving my own son better than I love anyone else," the dowager said to Lucy. "And now I have come here Lucy to ask you to be his wife."

Early the next morning, Lucy received a joyful letter from Fanny, first to tell her that Mark's affairs had been settled by Lord Lufton, secondly to congratulate her. "My own, own Darling. How am I to congratulate you, and be eager enough in wishing you joy . . . Lord Lufton, of course, could not keep the secret, and brought it out instantly . . . and she was so nice to Mark, saying such things in praise of you. She would make me go through the house that she might show me your rooms, and explain how you were to be mistress there." Lady Lufton, having capitulated, was determined to behave like an exemplary mother-in-law.

Of course there was a great deal of talk about the bailiffs at Framley Parsonage, but fortunately it was followed immediately by an even more intriguing piece of scandal that Lord Dumbello had jilted Griselda Grantly. As it turned out, gossip was wrong. Griselda married her Lord Dumbello just a little time before Lucy married Lord Lufton and in the excitement over the weddings, the unfortunate affair at Framley Parsonage was forgotten.

END

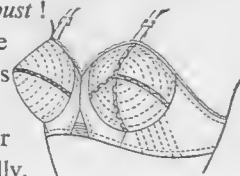
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Now, for the first time ever, you, the woman with the too small bust, can get a corselet which fits you properly—waist, hips *and* bust!

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THE ELASTIC NET CORSELET—elegantly modelled from soft and supple panels of elasticised satin and net—ensures firm yet feather-weight control and a sleek flowing line from bust to hip.

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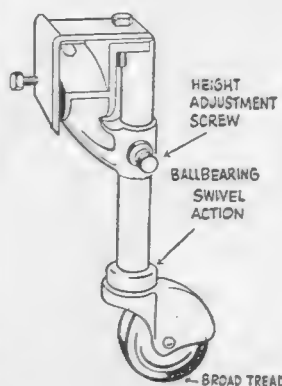
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...and save wear
on your precious carpets!

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Meat To Melt In Your Mouth

(Continued from page 53)

Dot the steak with a little butter or maître d'hôtel butter. *Filet Mignon* is made from inch-thick middle-cut sirloin steaks. Wrap each steak in a slice of bacon and fix with a skewer. Brush with butter and place on the greased grid under the hot grill. Grill eight minutes on each side. For the famous steak *Châteaubriand*, cook the steak as above, serve with *Béarnaise Sauce*, made thus:

2 tablespoons white vinegar; ½ teaspoon salt; 2 tablespoons minced spring onions; ½ teaspoon grated horse-radish; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; pinch of paprika; ½ teaspoon minced fresh tarragon; 4 tablespoons butter; 3 well-beaten egg yolks

Bring vinegar, onions, parsley and tarragon to the boil in two tablespoons water. Simmer for eight minutes. Cool, then strain into the top of a double cooker over hot (but not boiling) water. Beat in the egg-yolks gradually, then add salt, horseradish and paprika. Beat all the time till the sauce thickens, then add the butter one tablespoon at a time, stirring till all is blended. You can make this sauce in advance and keep till wanted in a refrigerator or other cool place.

Steak Diane is cooked in a frying pan and not grilled, but it is delicious. You will need a very thin slice of fillet, no more than half an inch thick. Season the steak well with pepper and salt, melt some butter in the pan, cook the meat no more than one minute on each side, then keep hot on a warm plate while making the sauce. Add half a wineglass of brandy to the liquid in the pan, a good dash of Worcester sauce, stir well till it bubbles, then replace the steak, tilt the pan slightly over the flame so that the liquid ignites for a moment, producing that typical slightly charred taste, and serve at once.

To revert to the grill: lamb chops (loin or chump) are good grilling material but they should never be less than an inch and a half thick. Anything thinner grills dry. Lamb chops are all the better for a pat of *maître d'hôtel* butter (which is merely butter mixed with chopped parsley, lemon juice, pepper and salt). Or with mint butter, which you make by creaming ½ oz. of butter into a dessertspoon of chopped mint. Add salt and pepper and one teaspoon of vinegar. Blend well.

A *Mixed Grill* is a perfect dinner-party dish, satisfying alike to the gourmet and the gourmand, and having the advantage that it is good to look at and quick to cook. Allow one small steak or lamb cutlet, one sausage, one lamb's kidney, one tomato, one rasher of bacon and one mushroom per person. Heat the grill and the grill pan, put the bacon into the bottom of the grill tin to cook—it is ready when the fat is nearly transparent. Halve the tomatoes, skin the kidneys, split them open and remove the core, prick the sausages and brush all with melted butter. Place under the hot grill and turn frequently with tongs while cooking. Chops take fifteen minutes, steaks ten, kidneys ten. As each article is ready, place it under the grid in the grill pan to keep hot with the bacon. Then remove all the meats to a hot plate while you thicken the gravy. Pour the gravy over the mixed grill and serve with straw potatoes and watercress for garnish.

And lastly here is a baked steak which I can recommend. Steak and bananas may sound like an extraordinary combination, but in Jamaica, where the banana is as much a vegetable as a fruit, it is greatly relished. Choose a one-inch thick piece of rump or fillet steak, allowing half pound per person. Split it open, leaving one end uncut. Season with nutmeg, pepper and salt. Now slice the bananas, put them on the steak side by side, sprinkle with a very little sugar. Top the bananas with thin slices of streaky bacon, close the steak "book" so that the bacon and bananas form an inside layer. Fasten with a skewer. Place in an oven glass dish with half a cup of water, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting after fifteen minutes. Serve in the cooking dish, garnished with watercress.

END

Demon In The Living Room

(Continued from page 55)

Television is an expensive business, and the sponsors must get something for their money. There will probably be three and a half minutes of advertisement in every half-hour programme, but Collins insists that, far from being offensive, advertising can be useful.

"For the first time," he says confidently, "we shall be able to offer the public properly planned, brightly produced programmes, backed by enough money to attract the top-ranking artists and writers.

"I suppose the real answer to this fear of 'vulgarization' is that a programme needn't be vulgar to be popular. It doesn't even have to come under the conventional heading of 'entertainment'."

Some people may not be much comforted. But the real answer is simpler than the one Mr. Collins gave: we shan't have to watch anything. The blessed freedom to switch off is not in danger.

Television is essentially a family matter, and the most serious concern is about its effect on children. It is said to be bad for their eyes, bad for their homework, bad for their minds, and bad for their reading. Much the same things used to be said about radio and about films, and with much the same degree of truth. They are not really complaints about television at all, but about parental discipline.

Eye-strain is largely a myth, which can be dispelled by sensibly placed chairs and a properly lit room. It is certainly true that not all programmes are suitable for all children: it is true that children who regularly stay up late will regularly fail to get enough sleep: it is true that too much television is bad for children—so is too much jam or too much homework. But commercial television will not deprive parents of their right to choose programmes or fix bedtimes. Commercial television in some form is coming, but it will not be an alien monster imposed upon the public. The sponsor proposes, but the viewer disposes. The one certain thing is that it will still be up to each family to decide what television is to mean to them.

END



Is your home cleaned by **magic?**

If only it were! But you can't cast a spell on household chores. You just have to get down to them and they *can* become sheer drudgery. They needn't though, because there is a touch of magic about the way hot water dispels dirt. And there's more than a touch of magic about the way gas brings you hot water. Install one of Mr. Therm's Sink Water-heaters just where you need it most—over the kitchen sink—and Hey Presto! at the turn of a tap you've instantaneous hot water, *as much as you want*.

Mr. Therm's Sink Water-heaters give all the hot water required for cleaning and kitchen purposes at a cost everybody can afford. Even where there is piped hot water in the

home, the Sink Water-heater is necessary in the summer when the fires are not in use. *See the various models at your gas showrooms and enquire about easy terms.*



Good - it's GAS!

PLAN NOW to join the ship of the year

S.S. Southern Cross

ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

*Sailing on the 29th March, 1955
for New Zealand, Australia
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Every cabin is air-conditioned on this wonderful new 20,000 ton passenger liner and all passengers can control the temperature of their cabins.

Public rooms include two Restaurants, Lounge, Smoke-room, Cinema Lounge, Library, Writing-room, Tavern and two Swimming Pools.

A fast speed of 20 knots will enable Southern Cross to make

four round voyages a year. Carrying 1,160 passengers; no cargo ensures strict sailing dates and no tedious delays through cargo handling.

Attractive ports of call include Trinidad, Panama, Tahiti, Suva, Wellington, Sydney, Melbourne, Fremantle, Durban, Capetown and Las Palmas.

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"WINSTON CHURCHILL the greatest figure of our time"

These words appear on the cover of a special publication—a **RECORD NUMBER**—edited and produced by Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., editor of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," as a tribute to Winston Churchill in his 80th year.

It is the most comprehensively illustrated account of Sir Winston Churchill's career as statesman,

soldier, sportsman, author, painter and orator that has yet been offered to the public. It is enclosed in a stout red-and-gold cover of the same overall size as that of the weekly issues of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and contains about 200 illustrations, of which 20 are in **FULL COLOUR**, and includes photographs that have not been published before.

A RECORD NUMBER

published as an 80th year tribute by The
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This remarkable publication is one that everyone should possess. It will make a most treasured gift to relatives and friends all over the world. You can obtain copies **NOW** from any good-class newsagent or bookstall, price 10/6, or from the Publisher, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, price 12/6, including postage and special packing.

Knitting (Continued from page 56-57)

THE WOOL DRESS

THE BACK

Follow instructions for the front from ** to **. Continue as follows: Work straight until back measures 11 ins. (11½ ins., 11½ ins.) from cast on edge, ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Divide for Back Opening. Next row.—Work 69 (73, 77) sts., turn, leaving the remaining sts. on spare needle.

Finish each side separately.—Work straight until back measures the same as the front ending at side edge.

Shape the Shoulder.—Cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows 7 (7, 8) sts. five times, and 5 (8, 7) sts. once. Work 1 row. Dec. 1 st. at the beginning of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 22 (23, 23) sts. left. Cast off. Rejoin yarn to other side at centre back and complete to match first side.

THE NECK FACING

Using a narrow backstitch, sew shoulder seams. With No. 12 needles and right side of work towards you pick up and K. 88 (92, 92) sts. round neck edge. Work 1 in. in st.st. Cast off loosely.

THE SLEEVE FACINGS

Using No. 12 needles, and starting and finishing 7 ins. (7½ ins., 7½ ins.) from shoulder seams pick up and K. 84 (88, 92) sts. from left sleeve edge. Work ½ in. in st.st. Cast off loosely.

Work right sleeve facing the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly with hot iron and damp cloth, stretching skirt to 30 ins.

Using a narrow backstitch sew side seams of blouse. Fold facings on to wrong side and st.st. Work 1 row of double crochet round back opening. Sew in zip fastener. Tape shoulders to correct width.

Sew skirt to blouse, matching ribbing. Work casing for elastic round inside of waist. Press seams. Run elastic through casing and fasten ends securely

END

THE TWINSET

in all, the last one coming in the neck band.

When work measures 5 ins., rib 14, cast off 222, rib 14.

Cont. on these 14 sts. to match left front in length. Leave on spare needle.

Return to first 14 sts. and work up in same way, not forgetting buttonholes.

Now when this strip matches right front in length rib these 14 sts., pick up 40 sts. from right front of work, 40 from back, 40 from left front of work and 14 from left front strip. Rib for 1 in. or a trifle more to match width of front strip, making last buttonhole in neckband. Cast off fairly loosely ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Join side seams. Join ribbed band to bottom of cardigan. Join strips to fronts. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons. Press again.

JERSEY FRONT

With 2-ply wool cast on 122 sts. on No. 13 needles and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4½ ins. Change to st.st. and work 1 in.

Change to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row until work measures 18 ins. from beg. (196 sts.).

Next row.—K. 91, cast off 14, k. 91.

Cont. on these sts., still inc. at shoulder edge on every 4th row twice more, and taking 2 tog. at neck edge on next 13 rows.

Before completing this neck shaping and when work measures 18½ ins. from beg. cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 16 p. rows.

Work 2nd shoulder to match but reverse all shapings.

BACK

Work to match front but ignoring neck shaping and cont. until work measures 16½ ins. (186 sts.).

Next row.—Work 93 sts. to centre, turn and work back.

Cont. on these 93 sts. until work measures 18½ ins., having inc. 7 times more at shoulder edge. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 16 k. rows.

Leave rem. 20 sts. on spare needle.

Work second shoulder to match, casting on an extra 5 sts. in centre for placket wrap and working these sts. in k. on every row.

TO MAKE UP

Press both pieces under damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Pick up 131 sts. from 7 ins. on either side of shoulder seams and work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 on No. 13 needles for 1 in. Cast off fairly loosely ribwise. With No. 13 needles pick up 25 sts. from left back, 98 from front, 21 from right back and work in rib on No. 13 needles for 1 in. Cast off fairly loosely ribwise. Join side seams. Sew buttons and matching loops to back opening. Press again.

END

Is Your Room Really You?

(Continued from page 20)

A home that is a patch-up of other people's ideas, something slavishly copied from a magazine cutting, is no home.

Is your home You? When you plan a new scheme of decoration do you ask yourself "does this belong with me? Who has the last word here, is it the furniture or I?" because there lies the secret of successful home-making. Our own tastes, our own comfort and our own individuality are the vital factors. Don't allow people who seem to be cleverer and more original with ideas than yourself persuade you otherwise. Comfort and happiness in one's own home is something only we ourselves can create. A little borrowing from here and copying from that is permissible and fun. After that, let it be You, You, You!

Britannia & Eve for November, 1954

Helena Rubinstein makes it A **NOA NOA** CHRISTMAS! (Tahitian for Very Fragrant)

New
Tropic Fragrance
in novel exciting
gift packs



Noa Noa Skin Perfume
in glass mock bamboo bottles 18/-, 30/-
Noa Noa Dusting Powder 16/6
and Noa Noa Perfumette to slip in
her handbag. 21/-

Here is a totally new adventure in perfume. It is called NOA NOA, and it is the most fervent, rapturous, sense-stirring fragrance of them all. Helena Rubinstein sought inspiration for NOA NOA in the exuberant and exotic paradise of Tahiti. Now here it is—the fragrant gift that creates a *personal* paradise! Give Noa Noa Skin Perfume, Noa Noa Dusting Powder 16/6 and Noa Noa Toilet Soap—3 tablets 10/6.

And many more exciting Christmas gifts...



A new range of beautiful Christmas gifts. You'll find luxury soaps, dusting powder and skin perfume in all the lovely Helena Rubinstein fragrances. Ask to see these and many other beautiful thoughts at your favourite store.

Young Beauty Gift Set

Exciting new Silk Minute Make-Up in pretty pink crystal case; glowing Stay Lustre Lip-stick; gentle penetrating Deep Cleanser; and rich, all-purpose Skin Clearing Cream 31/6.



New Generous Gift Perfume
A bumper bottle of perfume to express your most generous thoughts! Green Velvet 63/-
Apple Blossom 52/6.

Twin Jewelled Skin Perfumes

Each in gay Christmas case with sparkling bejewelled top. Apple Blossom and Green Velvet 33/- Apple Blossom and Best Seller 34/6. Green Velvet and Best Seller 36/-.



Helena Rubinstein

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Britannia & Eve for November, 1954

W. G. Dragonfly

A 2-ply Botany wool with untarnishable multi-coloured tinsel thread, featured in this issue. Ask your woolshop for W. G. Dragonfly.

This delightful new wool is already available from many shops, including John Smith & Co. (Wools) Ltd., Liverpool; Glasgow (Sauchiehall St., and Trongate); Aberdeen and Edinburgh, Dickins & Jones, Ltd., London, W.1. D. H. Evans Ltd., London, W.1. Army & Navy Stores Ltd., London, S.W.1. Marshall & Snelgrove Ltd., Birmingham, Leeds, Leicester, Scarborough, Southport, Manchester, Harrogate. Palmer & Ackland, Hornsey, N.8. Lillian, of Enfield, Middx. Five Ways Wool Craft, Mill Hill, N.W.7. Mrs. A. Stonell, Wheistone, N.20. "Catherine," of Inverness. Stella's Wool Shop, 299 Finchley Road, N.W.3. Denleys, 146 The Broadway, Wimbledon, S.W.19. Wool Bar, 493 Green Lanes, Harringay, N.4.



W.G. LEAFLET 1037. Jacket from 19 (22) oz. of W.G. "Springtime" Super Botany or W.G. Nylon and Botany 3-ply. 34-36, 38-40 Bust, 4d. from your woolshop, or 5½d. post free from address below.

SAMPLES FREE!

For free samples of W.G. "Springtime," W.G. Tinsel wools or W.G. Luxury "Nylans" and the address of your nearest stockist, simply send us an envelope addressed to yourself and marked in the top left corner with the word "Springtime," "Tinsel" or "Nylans." We pay return postage. We regret that free samples of "Dragonfly" are not available at present, although good woolshops throughout Great Britain have supplies.

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keeps nails pretty so long!*

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2/3 a bottle.

CUTEX Nail Polish

CUTEX PEARL POLISH — pearly, scintillating shades for only 4/6. *White Pearl* is fun... and fascinating. *Pink Pearl* and *Cotton Candy Pearl* are pretty and provocative. *Rose Pearl* is like flashing sequins.



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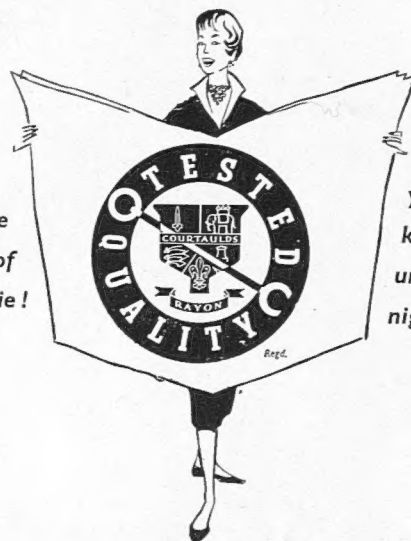
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